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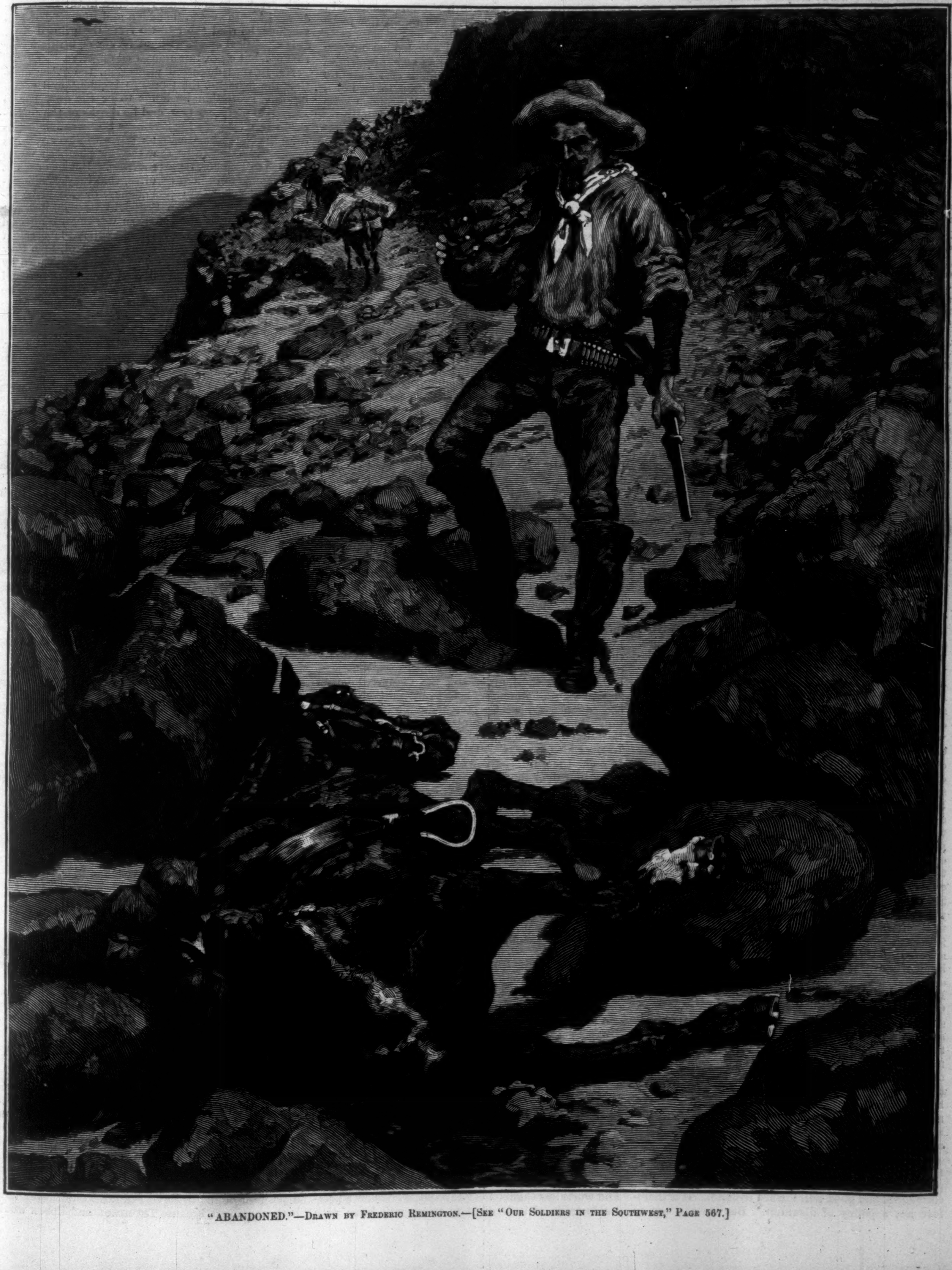

"ABANDONED."—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See "Our Soldiers in the Southwest," Page 567.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

## THE IRISH LEAGUE.

THE recent Irish League Convention at Chicago was an extraordinary body. It was mainly an assembly of American citizens and voters, which had met to take part, under the direction of British subjects, in the conduct of British politics. It was addressed by foreigners in the most extraordinary terms. "Those cheers of yours," said Mr. O'BRIEN, the editor of a journal in Ireland—

> "those cheers of yours will ring across the ocean to warn them that they are dealing with a nation that is like an army on the march. They are not dealing with Ireland in fragments, but with a people united and under a leader you and I would be willing to follow to the cannon's mouth. [Here ensued another tremendous outburst of cheers.] He will carry us, if we are patient, over the ruins of landlordism and English domination in Ireland."

The "us" in the last sentence is addressed to American citizens. But how are American citizens to be carried over the ruins of landlordism and English domination in Ireland? and in what sense are Americans like an army on the march to control British policy in the British dominions? If the Irish and the Germans and the natives of all other nationalities naturalized in the United States are to carry on the politics of other countries as well as of ours, it is to be hoped that Englishmen and Germans and other foreigners will return the civility, and take part in American politics. Then we shall "know how it is ourselves," and under such circumstances the era of universal international good-will may be expected immediately.

Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD is undoubtedly mistaken in saying that the weight of opinion in this country is opposed to Mr. GLADSTONE. Without approving or even knowing all the details of his scheme, the most intelligent American opinion unquestionably favors a policy of home rule in Ireland under the empire, which is Mr. GLADSTONE'S proposition, divested of details. The intelligent mind of this country, seeing that the rule of England in Ireland has been a prolonged misunderstanding and wrong, and that the results still remain in grievous forms despite measures of redress and alleviation, holds that the one policy which has never been tried, and which reason and experience approve as the best solution of similar difficulties, should be now tried in Ireland. It is that conviction which produces the general American sympathy with Mr. GLADSTONE. But if Americans believed that he either proposed or desired to "create a nation" by the dissolution of the British Empire, they would neither sympathize with him nor sustain him. But there is no more disposition upon the part of Americans unfairly to interfere in British politics than there is in England to interfere with ours. The exuberant Irish rhetoric which treats the United States as if they were a mere convenience for Irish politicians, and the American government a tender to the Irish League, is as absurd to intelligent Americans as to any one else. There is the largest liberty allowed, and wisely allowed, in this country, to every kind of political expression, and there is the utmost servility upon the part of party politicians to the Irish-born citizens, who cast a large vote, as when OAKEY HALL, TWEED'S Mayor of New York, wore a suit of green clothes in which to review the Irish procession upon St. Patrick's Day. But the action of the late Convention at Chicago, even had it been very much more bellicose than it was, and had it breathed threatenings and slaughter against England, would be merely an expression of the feeling of a small number of American naturalized citizens, as a German music festival in Cincinnati or Chicago represents not an American but a German feeling for a national music.

The aim of Mr. GLADSTONE, as it is understood in this country, is national and constitutional. He proposes to cement the imperial union by a policy of confidence and good-will toward Ireland. It is therefore not a policy of disunion. But we can see as plainly as Englishmen that if a great organization of American citizens supplies money and leaders for assassinations, explosions, and the destruction of property and innocent lives in England, England will not submit any more than we should submit to such conduct, nor would the United States go to war with England in defence of the right of any number of O'DONOVAN ROSSAS to make this country the base of crime in England. But explosions of rhetoric, and murder of the Queen's English language, and the gift of money to aid English or Irish or French or German elections, however impolitic they may be from the point of view of international amity, are not forbidden by American law. Moreover, moral sympathy with the efforts of Irishmen everywhere to relieve the undeniable suffering and wretchedness of Ireland, or of Englishmen to relieve a similar situation in England, cannot be repressed, and ought not to be repressed. The Irish Convention at Chicago, after such talk as we have mentioned, adopted but one resolution of importance, and that was an expression of unqualified confidence in the wisdom of PARNELL'S policy, which he has himself declared to be not a policy of disunion. If intelligent Englishmen were able to see the situation in this country as intelligent Americans see it, they would be neither angry nor alarmed.

## THE VERDICT AT CHICAGO.

THE expression of satisfaction with the verdict against the anarchists in Chicago has been practically unanimous. Their crime was so wanton and the pleas for it so wild that any other verdict would have been startling. If it had been established by this trial that assassination and massacre could be rightfully justified and urged in the press, that the passions of the most ignorant and fanatical could be inflamed to frenzy, and that the most diabolical instructions could be carried into effect by the most murderous and destructive onslaught upon human life and social order, the result of the Chicago trials would have been a catastrophe for civilization. That the most dangerous social incendiaries, whom European laws will not tolerate, should be protected by American law in the most detestable crimes against life and liberty, would be an ineradicable blot upon the national name. Happily all this has been averted by the verdict, which will be of the greatest service to the country, and sternly arrest the course of similar criminals, who are generally, like MOST, arrant cowards.

In a country which tolerates the utmost liberty of speech and the press, which permits the publication of MOST'S paper in New York and other anarchist papers in Chicago, it is of the most vital importance that the first attempt to reduce their teachings to practice shall end in the most summary punishment. The plea of sincerity, even were it proved, does not and should not avail. The religious enthusiast who tortures and sacrifices his child is none the less held to account. He is either a criminal or a madman, and he should be treated accordingly. The man who preaches and justifies assassination cannot plead over the body of his victim that he had denounced no individual. As the man who fires into a crowd is justly held to be the murderer of the victim whom he slays, because he must be held to intend the obvious consequence of his act, so the man who incites to the murder of policemen as minions of tyranny is morally guilty of the murder of the policeman who falls. In the Chicago cases all the circumstances conspired to make the guilt. There was the first poisoning of the mind, then the incitement to conceive the deed, then the purpose to execute it, and then the actual crime. If the most causeless and wicked murder is a crime to be justly punished by the extreme penalty of the law, there is no doubt of the simple justice of the result of the Chicago trials.

There ought to be no fear that the verdict will be set aside. Nothing can be more serviceable to liberty in this country than the solemn and conclusive demonstration that liberty does not mean, and shall not be made to mean, license. American liberty is inseparable from law. The American people is not a mob. American modes of freedom do not include riot and crime. The fundamental justification of popular government is that men in society are capable of self-restraint, and it is the vigorous and effective manner in which the public peace has been preserved and the law maintained which has given its unprecedented distinction to the American republic. If the result of the trials in Chicago had been different, it would have been necessary to consider how the freedom of the press in this country might be abridged. Indeed, when the massacre occurred, there were some journals which thought that the time had come seriously to restrict the press, since the actual consequences of anarchical raving in the journals had been so frightful. But happily it appears that the tone of the public mind is sound and healthful, and that no extraordinary measures are necessary. The fate of the active apostles of anarchy will be a warning more effectual than repressive laws against the press. Idle and worthless vagabonds like MOST, who make a profitable trade of incitement to crime, will learn with what risks they have to reckon, and those in other lands who distrust republican freedom will see that it is more conservative of the essential conditions of peace and progress than the most inflexible despotism.

## MR. BLAINE AT SEBAGO.

MR. BLAINE'S opening speech in the Maine campaign was awaited with great curiosity, and undoubtedly it has produced some disappointment. This is in part due to its remarkably restrained tone and its freedom from the usual extravagance of such speeches. The knowledge that it was to be printed throughout the country, and that he would really address the American people rather than a few thousand citizens of Maine, led him to prepare his remarks with great care and with reference to the larger audience; and to avoid all sudden and ill-considered diversions, he read the address from the printed slips. It is a political essay, without fervor or brilliancy or rhetoric, but clear, luminous, and effective.

Mr. BLAINE discussed protection, the labor question, the fisheries, the CUTTING incident, and prohibition. Protection he holds to be the only bar to European pauper wages, and he speaks of the underpaid negro labor in the Southern States as tending to drag the Northern workman down to poverty. His argument seems to be that the low Southern wages are due to Democratic ascendency. But he does not show, as his argument requires, that they were higher under Republican ascendency, or would be increased if a Republican President were elected, nor does he show how the Northern workman is affected by the low wages of the Southern colored laborer. If the low wages are due to political control, then they are not due to free trade, and would not be raised by a tariff. Mr. BLAINE wondered that workmen did not more heartily support protection. But if, as he says, the leading industrial fact of the year is the discontent of workmen, is it surprising that, since under protection they suffer, they do not look to protection for relief? It is always a difficult question, and Mr. BLAINE merely states strongly the usual protection argument. Mr. BLAINE'S treatment of the question of the fisheries and of the CUTTING incident is vigorous, and Secretary BAYARD'S course is shown to be extraordinary and mistaken both toward Canada and toward Mexico. But he does not show that the question of the treaty of 1818 can be settled by simply insisting upon our view of the consequences of subsequent legislation. The matter must be adjusted by a definite understanding with England.

The argument of the speech in regard to prohibition is the old one. The Republican party is more friendly to temperance than the Democratic. But that apparently satisfies the temperance men no longer. The effort to make it a State issue will not satisfy them either, because they ask the party to declare a temperance policy, which, of course, must be the same in every State. If the policy be to leave it to the States, some State may refuse to require even a license for the saloon. But Mr. BLAINE does not attempt to woo or win the prohibition vote in Maine, he merely ridicules its impracticability. The speech certainly does not show, as its introduction suggests, that parties were never more earnestly and actually and irreconcilably divided than now. On the contrary, we believe that never for a generation, or since the slavery issue became sharply defined, has there been so general and so intelligent a feeling of political independence as now. That independence does not deny the necessity of parties to enforce differing policies. But it denies that the parties now represent distinctive policies upon the questions which are really paramount. In the speeches which will immediately follow the speech at Sebago Mr. BLAINE will undoubtedly consider other topics.

## HOME RULE IN NEW YORK.

A CORRESPONDENT who is very familiar with municipal affairs ascribes a great part, if not the whole, of the SQUIRE-FLYNN disgrace, as of the general municipal misgovernment and corruption in New York, to the want of home rule. Surely, says our correspondent, if Ireland ought to govern herself, so ought New York. There are those, indeed, who think that the Irish should be contented, since, if they do not govern Ireland, they certainly govern New York. The percentage of the total foreign-born population in New York is 39.68 per cent. But while that is by no means exclusively Irish, it suggests some of the practical difficulties of home rule. The fact, however, remains that 1,400,000 people have very little control over some of their chief public offices, while almost all the city expenditures, as Mayor GRACE has pointed out, are dictated by law from Albany, and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment has authority only over a comparatively small part of them.

Everybody who was familiar with the affairs of the city knew that SQUIRE was an unfit appointment, as the event and the revelations of the testimony at the investigation have proved. If the Mayor of New York had the power which any officer of so important a position ought to have, SQUIRE would never have been appointed, because THOMPSON and EDSON would have known that Mayor GRACE would remove him as soon as he entered upon his own office. The removal of a chief municipal officer who, as is now known, secured his place by a corrupt bargain, depends, not upon the Chief Magistrate of the city, but of the State. To harmonize such a system the Mayor himself ought to be appointed, as formerly, by the State. It is true that the Governor assented to the removal of SQUIRE. But the public uncertainty up to the time when the decision was actually announced shows the danger of intrusting the affairs of the community to officials only remotely responsible to the people whose interests are concerned.

Home rule in the city of New York may be a troublesome and questionable experiment. But if the citizens choose the Mayor, he ought to be invested with the proper authority of such an office. The principle of American institutions is local or home rule, and either it should be trusted in the city or abandoned. The present hotchpotch of a municipal system results not only in local misgovernment and corruption, but in general political demoralization. It teaches that politics is a mere trade, for which the chief qualification is skill in making profitable deals. Corruption in politics is a much more important issue than prohibition, because it poisons the very fountains of the national welfare. Here is Senator FRYE, of Maine, who would not consciously say or do a dishonorable thing, warning his audience against men who follow their own consciences rather than the command of the majority. Let us see. It was the business of the Legislature to change the organization of the Aqueduct Commission if the public welfare required a change. The legislative majority changed it by practically giving the whole power to SQUIRE by a deal. That makes it right, says the Senator. Beware of the citizen who publicly proclaims his superior honesty by assuming to differ from the majority, and holding to his own convictions. That is to say, if a man refuses to be dishonest, he is a hypocrite. This is the argument and the exhortation of Senator FRYE. It is evidently high time to reflect that corruption in politics and sneering at opposition to it as Phariseeism is a very much more vital issue than prohibition. It shows a decay of moral principle, upon which our whole political structure rests. When, in a self-respecting community, party leaders scoff at fidelity to conscience and principle as arrant hypocrisy, they disgrace the American name, and wound their own party much more sorely than any other.

## THE REMOVAL OF SQUIRE.

GOVERNOR HILL'S prompt approval of the removal of SQUIRE shows that the Governor is aware that he could not have sought to retain SQUIRE without a protest of just popular indignation which he did not care to provoke. The fact remains that the "aqueduct bill" was an arrant job, and it is very hard to understand that the Governor did not know it.

To the Governor and to all who regard Sunday-school politics with contempt we trust that this SQUIRE-FLYNN business, as the clergy say of great afflictions, will be sanctified. It shows that there is still a public demand for honesty in public affairs so strong that when dishonesty is exposed it ruins the participants. This is to say that honesty in politics is the best policy, and that is the Alpha and Omega of Sunday-school politics. In fact, the venerable brotherhood of political shysters must see with amazement that the Sunday-school in politics has recently had much the best of it. It got decidedly the upper hand of TWEED and his SQUIRES and FLYNNS, and disposed effectually of "TWEED'S Governor." It took some part also in the last Presidential election, and not without results. The Sunday-school in politics is by no means a contemptible force.

The effort to confuse the real character of the SQUIRE-FLYNN knavery by charges against Mayor GRACE is the last resort of the aqueduct ring. Its object is to divert attention, like the running thief's cry of "Stop thief!" But there is no doubt that the Mayor and Mr. IVINS have been the chief agents in pushing the exposure of this latest rascality, and that the election of Mr. GRACE as a reform Mayor has been amply justified.

## IT IS NOT "OBVIOUS."

THE Utica *Herald* says:

> "If the National League is an organization to support Mr. CLEVELAND, whatever he may choose to do, the country ought to understand that purpose. The people can read, can judge conduct, can weigh results. They can see that Mr. CLEVELAND, while repelling Senators and Congressmen, is himself using the offices to win favor at the South and to create a personal following. He is a candidate for renomination, and the spoils have been placed where in his opinion they 'will do the most good' in advancing his ambitions. The president of the National League would win credit for frankness if he would announce the obvious truth."

If the National League were the champion of Mr. CLEVELAND as the Utica *Herald* is the champion of Mr. BLAINE, it would say so without hesitation. But it is not. It is no man's champion. It reviewed honestly, but with criticism and censure, the course of President ARTHUR, and it has pursued the same course with President CLEVELAND. As the president of the League does not believe with the Utica *Herald* that President CLEVELAND makes spoils of the civil service to promote his own ambition, he does not say so. That the fact is "obvious" is the opinion of the *Herald*, but it is not shared even by many Republicans who, with the *Herald*, supported Mr. BLAINE.

It was stated in the address of the president of the League that a committee had been appointed by the League to consider the conduct of the Administration in regard to reform, and after careful investigation to report. For that reason, as was also stated in the address, the president of the League refrained from expressing any opinion of the President's general course, although he had no doubt whatever either of his sincerity or his courage. This is his opinion despite specific acts which seem to him to violate sound principles.

If the Utica *Herald* has observed the strong disapproval of the President's course by many of the leading presses of his party, the perfunctory approval of the Administration by Democratic Conventions, and the practical desertion of the President by party leaders, it can hardly insist that the President's abuse of patronage for his own ends is "obvious." The only doubt of the renomination of the President by his party springs from the fact that his reform course has alienated and disgusted the party bosses who control caucuses and conventions, and consequently determine nominations. If it were obvious that the President is using the patronage to secure his renomination, it would be obvious that he is conciliating the bosses, not offending them, and undoubtedly he is offending them.

## THE RELEASE OF CUTTING.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the arrival of Mr. SEDGWICK in the city of Mexico, CUTTING was released by the Supreme Court upon the ground that MEDINA, against whom the alleged libel was uttered, had waived his right to a civil suit for damages. There is a Mexican law prohibiting the residence of dangerous persons in Mexico, which it is supposed will be enforced by the Government against CUTTING. The action of the court works the release of CUTTING, which Secretary BAYARD demanded, but not in obedience to his demand. The course which is left open to our Government is either to require damages and an apology, or to discuss with Mexico the change of the laws under which she justified her action.

Cowboy diplomacy and poppycock bravado and the prospect of war to avenge our outraged honor are happily at an end. It is, however, quite worth while to improve the occasion by stating to Mexico our view of the difficulty which may easily arise under certain of her laws, and which should be averted by friendly understanding. Our demand for the immediate release of CUTTING was plainly premature, as the subsequent proper action of the State Department showed. It was a case for inquiry, for national honor never suffers by making sure that we are right before going ahead.

## INK SPOTS.

IN opening the campaign in Maine Senator FRYE made this extraordinary remark:

> "You take a magnificent bridal dress, with its ribbons and splendid laces, and put it on exhibition, with a little ink spot on its skirt, and you will find plenty of men and women who will see nothing but that spot. Now the people of this country, with an exquisite fidelity to the best interest of the nation, saw the little bit of a smirch on the skirt of Mr. BLAINE'S coat, and therefore voted that Mr. CLEVELAND—a man who was smirched from head to foot—should be President."

What was the smirch which Senator FRYE says that the people saw upon Mr. BLAINE'S skirt? Does he think that it has been removed, and that the people will not see it in 1888?

It is an extraordinary admission for Senator FRYE to make, because in 1884 the supporters of Mr. BLAINE—and Senator FRYE was his next friend—declared that it was an act worthy of Judas Iscariot to insinuate that there was any spot whatever upon his skirt. Is the argument in 1888 to be an assertion that it is a very small one? But when in that year a magnificent bridal dress is put on exhibition, will it not be better to select one without "a little ink spot" upon it? And why did Senator FRYE say so suggestively "ink" spot?

## AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

JUST as we go to press we see that the Boston *Record* is quoted as saying:

> "Now that HARPER'S WEEKLY has come out for Mr. DAWES against Governor LONG, it almost completes the solid phalanx of Democratic and assistant Democratic journals which are supporting Mr. DAWES. In times gone by he was a Stalwart among the Stalwarts, and it must seem strange to him to have such a following as that which now comes to his support."

HARPER'S WEEKLY has not come out for Mr. DAWES against Governor LONG. It has expressed no preference between them as candidates for the Senate, and the Boston *Record* must make good its assertion or withdraw it.

## KNIGHTS OF LABOR AND ANARCHISTS.

MR. POWDERLY very wisely warns the Knights of Labor to avoid association and complicity with the anarchists. Whatever the wrongs of any body of persons in the community, a general warfare upon society itself is not a remedy. Before such a threat and doctrine all other questions disappear, and those who take the side of anarchy become common public enemies. It cannot, indeed, be called a side in this country. But there are a number of men and women who are vociferous in their newspapers and writings, and who, as experience has proved, drilled themselves in murder to some purpose. They are to be closely watched by the police, and avoided by all honest people. Mr. POWDERLY does the Knights of Labor a great service by separating their name from any connection with that of assassins.

## A GOOD SUGGESTION.

IN the current number of the *Studio* the editor, discussing the absurd monument which it is proposed to erect at Newburgh in commemoration of WASHINGTON and of the Revolutionary associations of the spot, inquires most pertinently what monument can possibly be so good as the building which WASHINGTON occupied as his Head-quarters, and which is still standing. The monument which is contemplated dwarfs this building entirely, and cannot be regarded with any of the feeling which consecrates the Headquarters, and in fact with no feeling but indignation and amazement.

The grounds and the old house are exceedingly interesting and picturesque, and if the matter is not beyond recall, a protest from the citizens of Newburgh would certainly impress the national authorities under whose auspices the work is to be executed. If the community which is immediately interested says nothing, it is to be fairly inferred by those authorities that the contemplated memorial is acceptable. That community is seriously threatened, and Providence helps those who help themselves.

## PERSONAL.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS has a high estimate of woman's ability as an editorial writer, and declares that two of the best writers on the Philadelphia *Ledger* are women. He adds that "when women do the same work as men, they should have the same pay, and I carry out this rule in my own business." At the recent convention of florists at Mr. CHILDS'S country-seat near Philadelphia one of the speakers suggested that they undertake to grow a rose more fragrant and beautiful than any already in existence, and that they christen it the George W. Childs rose. In view of Mr. CHILDS'S doctrine concerning the capacity and deserts of woman, which is now made public in this journal, it is safe to predict that the florists of America will be seconded by their wives in creating and christening a George W. Childs rose.

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will sail from England for home about the middle of September. A personal friend of the ex-Minister writes: "Mr. LOWELL is one of the few men of letters and of politics whose success has engendered simplicity. He has a real dislike for his literary style of forty years ago, and pronounces it verbose and complex. He expresses in terms of admiration his estimate of distinguished Americans who remain American in spirit during and after a sojourn in Europe. His little grandchildren at Southborough, Massachusetts, consider him the best companion in the world."

—Mrs. CUSTER has declined many invitations to leave the city this summer, and has been devoting herself, at her home near Gramercy Park, to arranging materials for a book on frontier life in Kansas just after the civil war. She and her late husband, General CUSTER, spent five years in that State at that time, and the story of their experiences is full of romance. The Indians gave them no rest, and the wild beasts were not diffident. Day and night alike abounded in dangers and perilous escapes. Mrs. CUSTER received more than three hundred letters of congratulation on her first book, *Boots and Saddles*, and answered them all. In England especially the work was warmly greeted, among its most appreciative admirers being Mrs. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

—The architect of a new house in Plainfield, New Jersey, claims to have earned distinction by providing a thorough ventilation for the soiled-linen closet on the second floor, and by thus removing from the house one of its oldest and commonest nuisances. He has sealed the interior of the closet with strips of Georgia pine, has projected from its roof a ventilating pipe which is higher than the highest part of the building, and has arranged for the entrance of air by means of a slat door. It is a modest piece of sanitary engineering, he says, "but I don't know of another architect who has attempted it."

—The usual circular of the Autumn Exhibition at the National Academy of Design announces to artists living in this city that "Mr. ROSSELL, the carman, will, if required, collect and return the exhibits as heretofore, at the expense and risk of the contributors." ROSSELL has performed similar services for more than a quarter of a century, and is a feature of the studios. He has exact views of the true nature of art and the conflicts of the schools, and feels a noble pride in a long record of handling picture-frames without injuring them. Several years ago the *Evening Post* printed an interview with ROSSELL on fine-art matters generally.

—Some of the newspapers have misquoted the first two lines of BRYANT'S hymn which was sung in Boston at the funeral of WILLIAM GRAY, Jun., the defaulter and suicide. The correct reading is:

> "Oh, deem not they are blest alone
> Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep."

A well-known editor of a revised hymn-book was much surprised, by his researches, to find how mutilated is the current version of even so popular a hymn as "Rock of Ages."

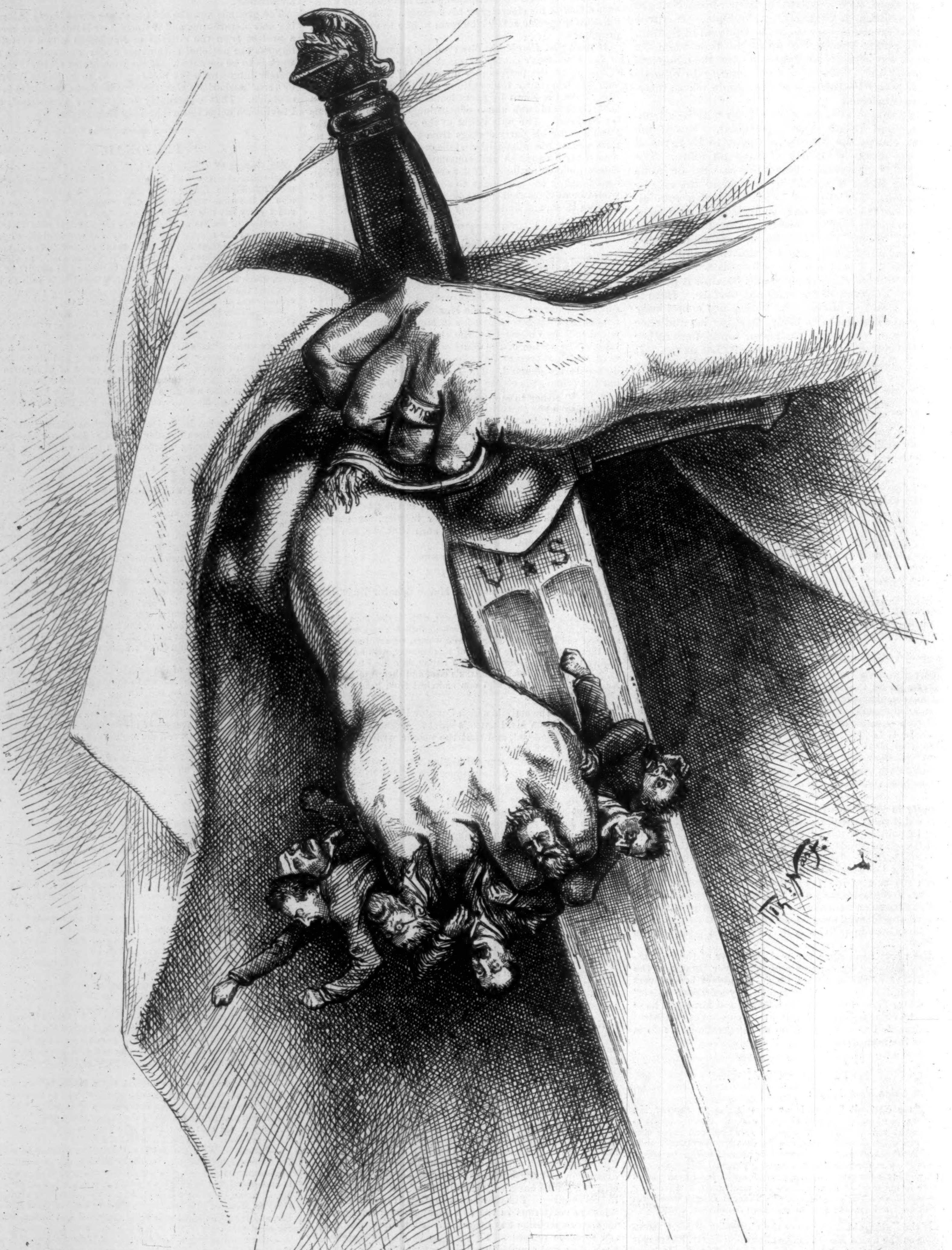
—From the Richmond *State*: "CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER visited the White Sulphur last year, and after a month's sojourn went away charmed with the social life among the Southerners there. He gave his impressions to the country through HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and as a result the number of Northerners at the White, for the first time this year, is larger than ever before. The contrast between the life there and at Saratoga seems to have impressed them as it does the Saratoga talker, who longs for 'the rebel girls in muslin gowns.' And this social commingling of Northern and Southern society will do much good."

—Mr. HOWARD A. TAYLOR, second for the "All-comers' Prize" in the National Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Newport last week, contributed a capital article on the game to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE early in the summer. Since that was written Mr. TAYLOR has been abroad, and having had some practice with the RENSHAWS and other leading English players, he will give his views of their style and methods in an article to be published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE on September 7.

—Parting lovers are sentimental, but a Massachusetts girl, on bidding good-by to her *fiancé*, capped the climax by directing his attention to the Great Dipper in the starry firmament. "You see the second star in the handle of the Dipper, don't you?" "Yes." "And you see that faint little star close to the second star?" "Yes, my dear." "Well, darling, that's me."

—Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON is spending the summer in a large farm-house, which he has leased, in Holden, Massachusetts, the next town to Princeton, and within easy reach of Wachusett. It is understood that besides his signed paper in the last *Atlantic*, on Mr. WHIPPLE, he wrote the unsigned one on the second volume of GRANT'S *Memoirs*. He has just finished a sketch of JOHN BROWN'S life, and is now engaged on a short story, the first he has written for eight years.

—Not much talked of, but very robust, is the Society of Sons of the Revolution, organized three years ago in a tavern at Pearl and Broad streets, where WASHINGTON bade farewell to a part of his army on the 4th of December, 1783, and already numbering one hundred and fifty members, having more than doubled its list during the last twelve months. Each member is a descendant of a soldier, sailor, or civil officer of the days of '76, and the object of the society is not so much to eat and drink as to erect an edifice into which can be gathered the relics of the Revolutionary war, and so to keep alive the patriotic spirit of that era. It celebrates Washington's Birthday, Bunker Hill Day, and Evacuation Day in first-class style at Delmonico's. Its president is Mr. FREDERICK S. TALLMADGE.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LIBERTY IS NOT ANARCHY.

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," "SO THEY WERE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MEDDLESOME ASSISTANT.

THE first trouble came to the lovers through the meddlesomeness and malignity of the apothecary's assistant. Had Jack known what this man did, I think he would have made him swallow the contents of every bottle in the shop. But he never knew it; nor had he the least reason to suspect the assistant. James Hadlow (which was his name) was a man of small stature and insignificant aspect, made ridiculous by his leathern apron, which covered the front of him from chin to toes, and was too long, having been made for a taller man, his predecessor. His eyes, as has been already stated, were, as to their movements, independent of each other. He seldom spoke, and went about his business steadily and quietly; a man apparently without passions, who had no more compassion for a sick man than for a log of wood; a man who never loved a woman or had a friend, and who, when he was afterward knocked on the head in a waterman's house of call while dressing wounds caught in a drunken broil, left no one to lament his loss. Neither man nor woman in Deptford ever regarded him at all, any more than one regards the fellow who brings the wine at a tavern. Yet, which is a thing we should never forget, there is no man so meek that he cannot feel the passion of resentment, and none so weak that he cannot do his enemy a mischief. Now, for something that was said or done, or perhaps omitted—I know not what—this man conceived a malignant desire for revenge. I know not which of the three had offended him—perhaps Jack, who was masterful, and despised little and humble men; perhaps Mr. Brinjes himself, who was hard toward his servants; perhaps Bess. But, indeed, if a creeping thing stings one, do we stop to inquire why it hath done us this mischief?

Everybody in the town knew that Aaron Fletcher wanted to marry Bess, and that in her pride she would have nothing to say to him, and had refused him a dozen times. It was also known that Aaron went about saying that he would crack the crown of any man who ventured to make love to his girl—calling her openly his girl—even if he were a commissioned officer of the King. When so tall and stout a fellow promises this, young men, even brave men, are apt to consider whether another woman may not be found as beautiful. Therefore, for some time, those who would willingly have courted Bess kept away from her, and, in the long-run, I am sure that Aaron would have

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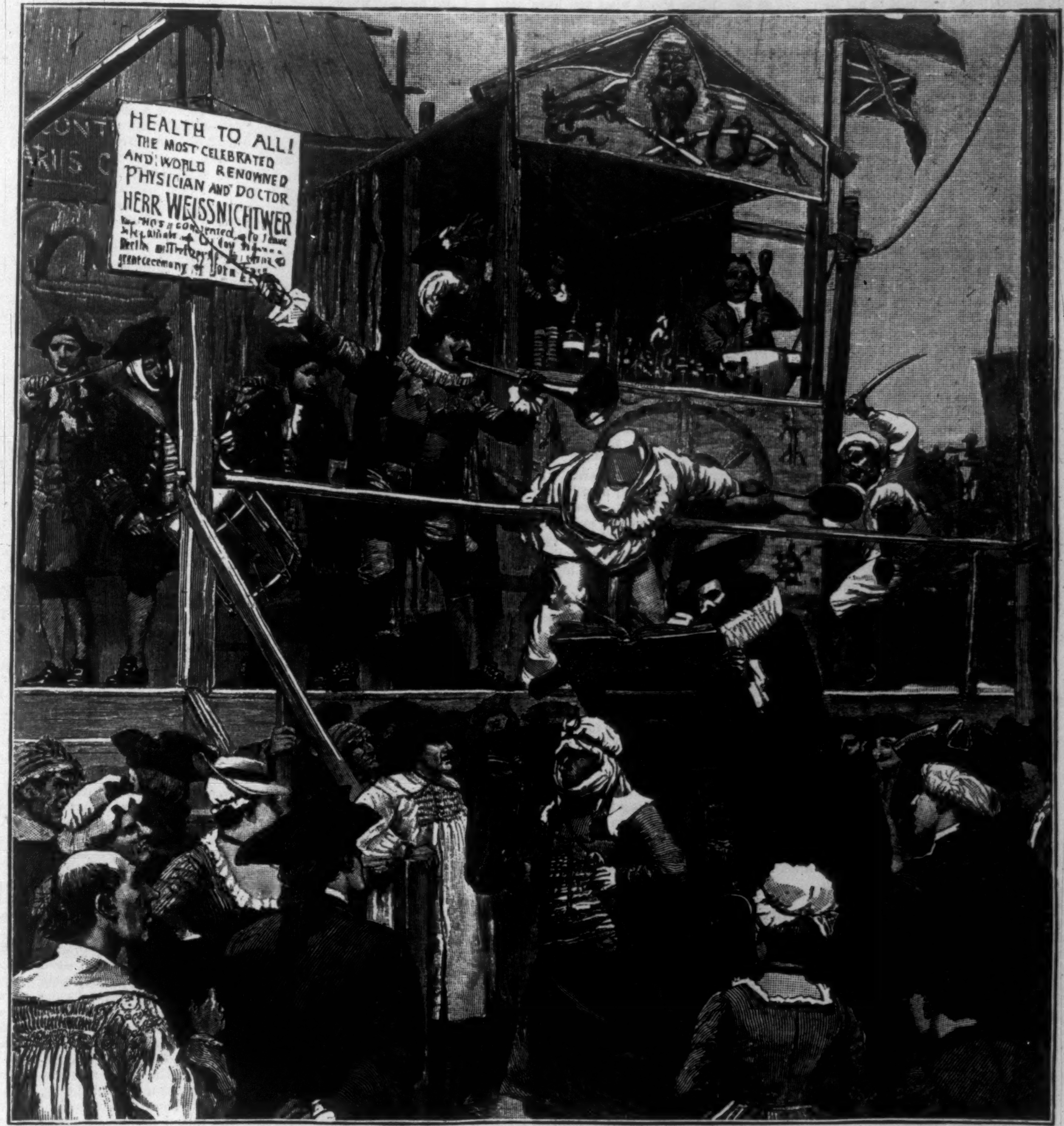
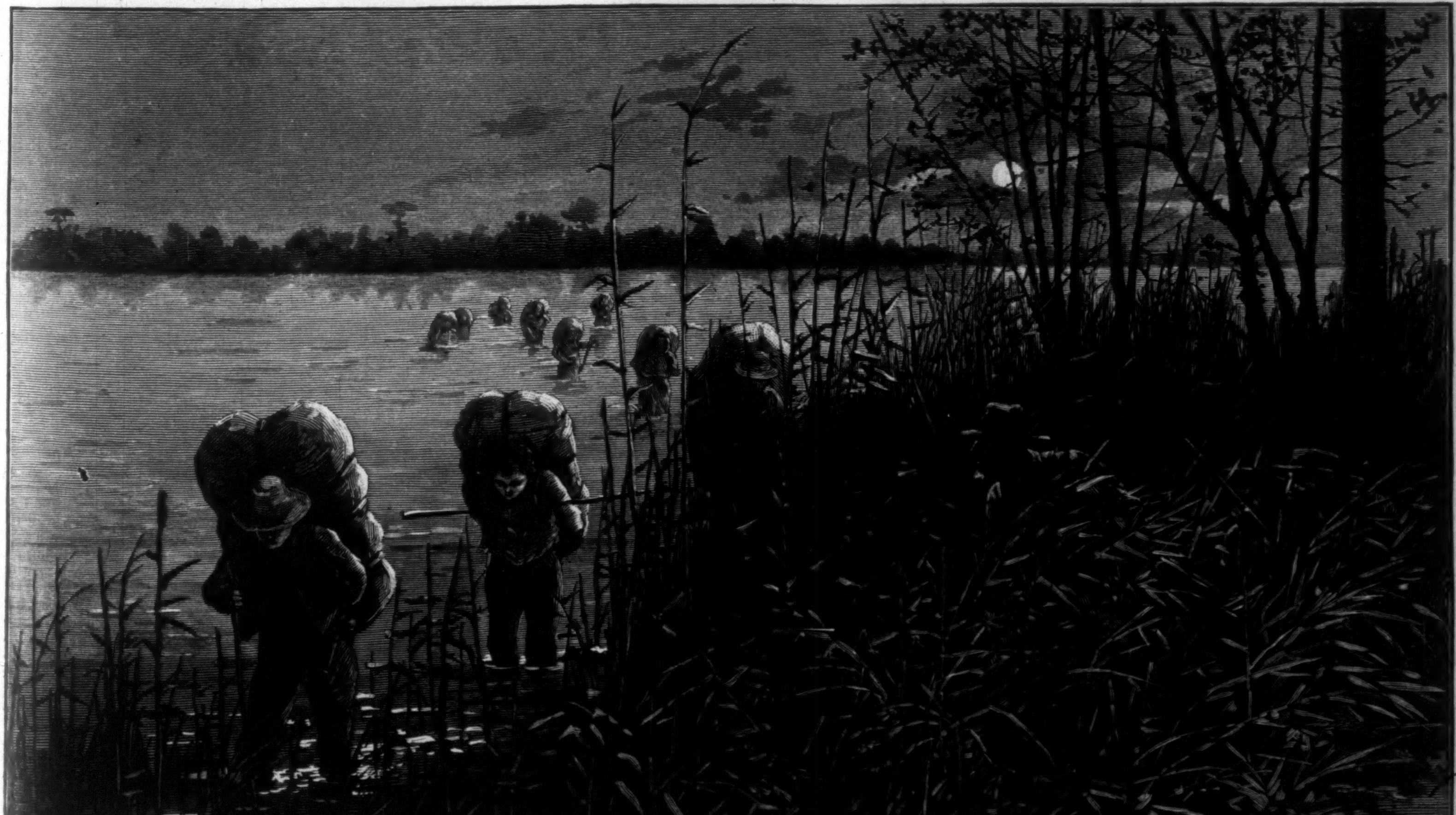
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1541.



"ROOM FOR THE DOCTOR, GENTLEMEN! ROOM FOR THE DOCTOR!"



SMUGGLING ON THE RIO GRANDE.—DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

triumphed, being constant in his affections as he was strong and brave. Unhappily for him, Jack Easterbrook returned. First of all, when Aaron came up from Gravesend, a few days later, and became a peaceful boat-builder again in place of a smuggler, he began to watch and to spy upon the movements of Bess, employing a girl whose father worked for him at his boat-building, and lived in a house nearly opposite to that of Mr. Westmoreland. She reported that Bess staid at home all day long, and though Lieutenant Easterbrook had been to the house, it was only to see her father, who came to the door and spoke with him there, and Bess never met him. Moreover, Aaron discovered that the Lieutenant's mornings were spent in the Yard, his afternoons with Mr. Brinjes, and his evenings at the tavern; so that, except for the fact that there was no woman at all in the daily history of the Lieutenant—a suspicious circumstance where a sailor is concerned—he felt satisfied.

It happened, however, one evening about eight o'clock, when Jack had been at home some three weeks, that Aaron, sitting alone in his house, which stood on one side of his boat-building yard, overlooking the river between the Upper and the Lower Water Gate, heard footsteps in his yard without. He rose, and opening the door, called to know who was there at that time, and bade the visitor come to the house without more ado.

His visitor proved to be the man Hadlow.

"What the devil do you want?" asked Aaron. Mr. Brinjes himself was a man to be treated with the greatest respect, but his assistant, who was not credited with any magical powers, and could certainly not command rheumatics, or give any more pain than is caused by the drawing of a tooth, was regarded with the contempt which attaches to the trade of mixing nauseous medicines. "What do you want here at this time? I have not sent for any of your bottles, and I don't want any of your leeches."

"I humbly ask your pardon, Mr. Fletcher. I have brought no bottles and no leeches."

"Then what are you come for?"

"I humbly ask your pardon again, Mr. Fletcher, seeing that I am but a poor well-wisher and admirer—"

Here Mr. Fletcher gave renewed proof of impatience.

"Then, sir, I have come to tell you a thing which you ought to know."

"Say it out, then, man."

"First, I am afraid of angering you."

Mr. Fletcher turned and went back into his room, whence he emerged bearing a thick rope's-end about two and a half feet long.

"Hark ye, mate," he said, balancing this instrument, so that the assistant turned pale with terror, and his eyes rolled about all ways at once, "you have angered me already, and if you anger me more, you shall taste the rope's-end. Wherefore lose no more time."

"It is about Bess Westmoreland. Oh, Mr. Fletcher!"—for the boat-builder raised his arm—"patience! Hear me out!" The arm went down. "It is about Bess Westmoreland. Everybody knows that you have"—here the arm went up again. "And it is about Lieutenant Easterbrook. Bess and the Lieutenant— Oh, sir, have patience till you hear what I have to tell you!"

"My patience will not last much longer. Death and the devil, man! what do you mean by talking about Bess Westmoreland and Lieutenant Easterbrook? He has seen her but once since his return."

"By your leave, sir, he sees her every day."

Aaron threw the rope's-end from him with an oath. Then he caught the man by the coat collar, and dragged him into the room.

"Come in here," he said. "By the Lord, if you are fooling me I will murder you!"

"If that is all," the man replied, "I have no fear. I am not fooling you, Mr. Fletcher; I am telling you the sober truth."

"Man, I know how the Lieutenant spends his time. He is all the morning in the Yard, looking at the ships and talking to the officers. In the afternoon he sits with Mr. Brinjes, and in the evening he drinks at the tavern. As for the girl, she never sees him."

"He goes every afternoon to Mr. Brinjes."

"I know that."

"You think he goes to talk to the old man, I suppose? He does not, then. My master sleeps all the afternoon. If he didn't sleep, he would die. He says so. The Lieutenant goes there to make love to Bess."

Aaron turned pale.

"She comes in every day by the garden gate and the back door, so that no one should suspect. And no one knows except me. But I know; I have looked through the key-hole. Besides, I hear them talking. Every day she comes, every day they sit together, he with his arm round her waist, or round her neck playing with her hair, and she with her head upon his shoulder—kissing each other and making love, while the master is sound asleep by the fire."

"Go on."

"When the master wakes up he laughs, and he says, 'Kiss her again, Jack.' Then he laughs again, and he wishes he was young again."

"Is that all?"

"That is all. For the Lord's sake, Mr. Fletcher, don't let any one know who told you. Mr. Brinjes would kill me, I think. And mind you, Mr. Fletcher, whatever you do, remember that the master is able to kill you, and will, too, if you harm the Lieutenant. He knows how to kill people by slow torture. There's a man in the town now, covered with boils and blains from head to foot, says it's the apothecary hath bewitched him. Don't offend Mr. Brinjes, sir."

"My lad," said Aaron, grimly, "I doubt whether I ought not to take the rope's-end to your back for interfering with me and my concerns. Now if you so much as dare to talk to any man in this place about what you have seen and told me—whatever happens afterward—remember, whatever happens afterward—it is not a rope's-end that I shall take to you, but a cudgel; and I shall not beat you black and blue, but I shall break every bone in your measly skin. Get out, ye miserable, sneakin', creepin' devil!"

That was all the thanks that the poor wretch Hadlow ever got for the mischief he had made; but the thought that he had made mischief consoled him. Something was now going to happen. So he went his way, contented with his evening's work.

Then Aaron sat down, and began to think what he should best do. He had been full of Christian charity toward the man who was not, after all, as he feared, his rival: there would be no more talk of quarrelling and fighting between them; the shilling need not be fought for; the Lieutenant belonged to a different rank; in course of time Bess would tire of her resistance, and would yield. Now all was altered again. His old rival was still a rival, and there must be fighting.

Presently he rose, and walked up the street to the Penman's house.

Mr. Westmoreland was at the tavern with his friends the Assistant Shipwright, the Sexton, and the Barber. Bess was sitting alone, with a candle and her work.

"Bess," said Aaron, "I want to have a serious talk with you; may I come in?"

"No, Aaron. Stand in the doorway, and talk there. I am not going to let anybody say that I let you into the house when father was out of it; but if you want to talk foolishness, you can go away at once. It is high time to have done with foolishness."

Aaron obeyed—that is to say, he remained standing at the open door, and he said what he had to say.

"It is for your own good, Bess; though you won't believe that anything I say is for your own good."

"What is it, then?"

"It is this. Every afternoon you go to Mr. Brinjes's parlor to meet Lieutenant Easterbrook. You go out by your garden gate, so that no one may see or suspect, and the Lieutenant goes in by the shop. In the parlor, while the old man is asleep, you kiss each other and make love."

She sprang to her feet.

"Aaron, you are a spy!"

"I have been told this, but I did not spy it out for myself. Very well, then, spy or not, think, Bess. The Lieutenant has never yet got appointed to a ship; perhaps he never will. He has got no money; he cannot marry you if he would. If he were to marry you, the Admiral would never forgive him; if he doesn't want to marry you, why—there—Bess."

"Is that all you have to say?" she asked, trying not to lose her temper, because she had the sense to perceive that it would not please her lover if she quarrelled about him with this man. "Is that all, Aaron?"

"Why, I might say it a thousand times over, but it wouldn't amount to much more than this. He can't marry you if he wants to; and if he doesn't want to, a girl of your spirit ought to be too proud to listen to his talk."

"Aaron, you shall pay for this," cried Bess, with flaming eyes.

"You a lady, Bess? You to marry a King's officer? Know your own station, my girl. You are the daughter of the Penman, and you can neither read nor write. But there's a chance yet: send him packing first, and then you shall see."

"It is six years," she said, "since I looked on while you fought him and were beaten. I liked nothing better than to see you defeated and Jack victorious. Because, even then, you pretended to have some claim upon me, though I was but a little girl. Now, Aaron, I should like nothing better than to see Jack beat and bang you again until you cried for mercy." Her eyes were flashing and her cheek red, and she stamped her foot upon the ground. "Oh, I should like nothing better!"

"Should you, Bess—should you?" he replied, strangely, not in a rage at all, but with a great resolution.

"To see you lying at his feet. You, his rival!—you! Why, you may be bigger—so is a collier bigger than a little sloop. That is a great matter, truly! You his rival! To think that any woman whom he has once kissed should ever be able so much as to look at you—oh, Aaron! But you don't know; you are too common and ignorant to know the difference there is between you."

"You would like to see him beat and bang me, would you, Bess? Why, then, it is as easy as breaking eggs. You shall have the chance. All you have to do is to tell your fine lover that, as regards that shilling—he will know what shilling I mean,—I am waiting and ready to have that repaid, or to take it out in another way—he will know the way I mean. And then, my girl, if you like to be present, you can. But I promise you the beating and the banging will be all the other way, and your fine lover, gentleman and King's officer though he is, shall be on his knees before he finds time to swing his staff. You tell him that about the shilling. If you will not, I will send a message by another."

"I will tell him. Now go away, Aaron, lest you say something which would anger me still more."

So he went away. But Bess told her lover, who laughed, and said that Aaron was a greedy fellow whom there was no satisfying, but he should do his best to let him have a good shilling's worth, and full value for his money.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HORN FAIR.

THIS conversation happened in the second week of October. The opportunity of repaying the shilling occurred on the 18th of that month, which is St. Luke's Day, and consequently the first day of Horn Fair.

All the world has heard of this fair. It is not so famous a fair as that of St. Bartholomew's, the humors of which have been set forth by the great Ben Jonson himself. It has never, like that fair, been honored by the presence of the Prince of Wales; nor has so ingenious a gentleman as Mr. Harry Fielding ever written plays to be acted at Horn Fair, as he hath done for Bartholomew. Nor is it as good for trade as the ancient Stourbridge Fair. Yet for noise, ribaldry, riot, and drunkenness it may be compared with any fair held in the three kingdoms, even with the old May Fair, now suppressed, which they say was the abode of all the devils while it lasted. As for trade, there is never anything sold there—neither horses, nor cattle, nor cloth, nor any pretence made of selling anything, except horns and things made of horn, with booths for children's toys, penny whistles, and the like, gingerbread, cockles, oysters, and so forth, together with strong drink, and that the worst that can be procured of every kind.

Yet it was in such a place as this, and among such people, that the Lieutenant was called upon by Aaron to redeem his promise and to fight him for the shilling; and although he might very well have refused to answer the challenge in such a place, Jack thought it incumbent upon his honor to fight, even though it should be like a Roman gladiator in the arena. Had he been invited to take a glass in a booth at the fair, or to eat hot cockles with bumpkins, he would have treated the proposition with scorn; but because he was asked to fight, his honor, forsooth! was concerned, and he must needs go—so sacred a thing is the law of honor concerning the duello. No doubt in this case his delicate sense of honor and his inclination jumped, as they say, and he was by no means displeased to try his courage, strength, and skill against so doughty a champion as Aaron Fletcher. Yet I do not think there was another officer in the King's Navy who would have done what he did.

The visitors, if the day is fine, begin to come down the river as early as eight in the morning and for the most part they remain where they land, at Cuckold's Point, Redriff, eating and drinking, until the procession is formed, which starts at eleven or thereabouts, and by that time there is a vast crowd indeed gathered together about the stairs, and the river is covered with boats carrying visitors from London Bridge, or even from Chelsea. As for the quarrels of watermen and the splashing of the passengers and the exchange of scurrilous jokes, abuse, and foul language, it passes belief. However, the passengers mostly get safe to the stairs at last, and, after a quarrel with the watermen over the fare, they are permitted to land. Those who join in the procession array themselves in strange garments: some are dressed like wolves, some like bears, some like lions, some again like wild savages, and some like Frenchmen, Spaniards, Russians, or the lusty Turk, and some wear fearful masks; but all are alike in this respect, that they wear horns tied upon their heads in various fashions. The women among them, however, who ought rather to be at home, do not wear horns upon their heads, but masks and dominoes. Those who can afford it have ribbons round their hats, the streaming of which in the breeze greatly gratifies them; some carry flags and banners, all together shout and bellow continually, and the procession is followed by all the boys, to judge from their number, who can be found between Westminster on the west and Woolwich on the east.

This magnificent procession, which is almost as good as the Lord Mayor's Show, leaves Rotherhithe, headed by drum and fife, at eleven in the forenoon, and marches through Deptford, across the bridge by way of the London road, through Greenwich to Charlton Common.

Jack stood with me at the gate of the Admiral's house, looking on as these Tom Fools passed, playing their antics as they went along. It seemed to me strange that a man of his rank should take any pleasure in witnessing the humors of the mob; but I thought as a fool, because there is something in every sailor, whether he be an officer or not, which makes him delight in singing and dancing, and causes his ears to prick up at the sound of a fiddle or a fife. Besides, as regards this sailor, it was six years and more since he had seen any merry-making at all, unless, which I know not, the half-starved Indians who entertained him had any songs and dances of their own.

"I must go to the fair this afternoon, Luke," he said. "Will you come with me, lad?"

"What will you do at the fair, Jack? It is a rude, rough place, not fit for a gentleman."

"Do you remember the last time we went? It is seven years ago. Ever since I came home I have felt constrained to visit again the places where we used to play. There is the crazy old summer-house in the gardens. I have been there again. The place is not yet fallen into the Creek, though it is more crazy than ever."

"And Mr. Brinjes's parlor? Have you been there?"

"I have been there," he replied, with hesitation, "once or twice—to look at his charts. His treasure is on an island in the North Pacific, whither our ship did not sail. Yes, I have been there—to see his charts, in the evening. In the afternoon, I find, he sleeps, and must not be disturbed."

"And now you must needs visit Horn Fair again. Well, Jack, I am a man of peace, and, very like, there may be a fight. So take with you a stout cudgel."

"There is another reason also for my going," he said. "It is because Aaron Fletcher will play all comers at quarter-staff."

"Why, Jack, surely you would not play with Aaron before all this mob of rustics and common men?"

"I must, brave boy. For, look you, Aaron saved my life. There is no question about that. The boat must have gone down in half an hour, and I with it, if he had not lugged me out. Therefore if he asks me to do so small a thing as to fight him, the least I can do is to gratify him, and to fight him at such place and in such manner as he may appoint. I promised him this, and now he sends me word to remind me of my promise."

"But the man is a giant, Jack."

"He is a strapping fellow. But if he is six foot four, I am six foot one and a half. His reach is longer than mine, it is true. But do not be afraid. I have got back my strength, and I think I shall give a good account of him. However, my word is passed to fight him when he wishes; and whatever happens, I must go. He thinks to defeat me before all his friends. He is a braggart fellow, and we shall see, my lad."

We walked over to Charlton after dinner; Jack in his Lieutenant's uniform, with new laced ruffles and laced shirt and cravat, very noble. He carried his sword, but, following my advice, he provided himself as well with a stout cudgel, in which, I confess, I placed more confidence than in his sword. For why? A man thinks twice about using a sword upon a mob as he would upon an enemy, but an oaken cudgel does not generally kill, though it may stun. Therefore he lays about him lustily if he have a cudgel, and spares not.

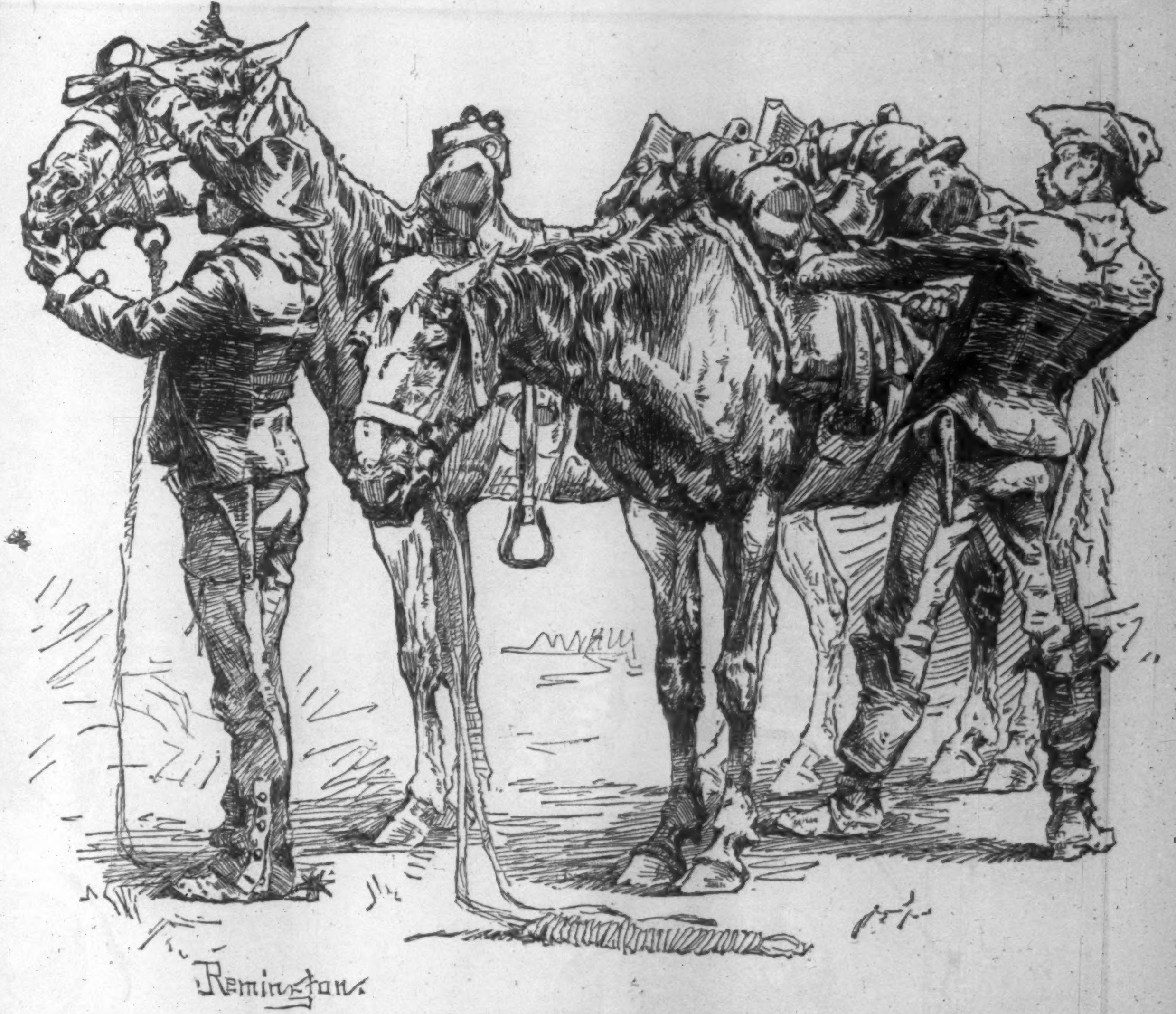
There was no hurry about the quarter-staff play, which would not begin until three o'clock, and we strolled about the fair among the crowd, looking at the shows, of which there were many more than I expected to find. As for Jack, he must needs go everywhere and see everything, and this year there were a wonderful number of shows.

There was, for instance, the young woman of nineteen, already seven feet ten inches high, and said to be still growing, so that her well-wishers confidently expected that when she should attain her twenty-fifth year she would reach the stature of nine feet, or, perhaps, ten. We also saw the bearded woman. This *lusus naturæ*, or sport of nature, presented for our admiration a large full beard, a foot long and more, growing upon the whole of her face, cheeks, chin, and lip, so that her mouth was quite hidden by it. She was by this time, unfortunately, fully fifty years of age, and her beard well grizzled, so that we had no opportunity of knowing how a woman in her youth and beauty would look with such an ornament to her face. It would then, I suppose, be soft and silky, and brown in color. But perhaps she would look not otherwise than a comely young man. This woman was a great strong creature, who might have felled an ox with her fist; she had a deep voice and a merry laugh, and made no opposition when Jack offered her a cheerful glass. We saw the Irish giant, also, who was a mighty tall fellow, but weak in the knees; and the strong woman who tossed about the heavy weights as if they had been made of pasteboard, and lifted great stones with her hair. And, since where there are giants there must also be dwarfs, we saw the Italian Fairy, a girl of sixteen, no taller than eighteen inches, and said to be a Princess in her own country. There was a fire-eater, who vomited flames and put red-hot coals into his mouth; there was excellent dancing on the slack-rope, which is always to me the most wonderful thing in the world to witness; there was a woman who danced with four naked swords in her hands, tossing and catching them, presenting them to her breast, and all with so much fire and fury that it seemed as if she was resolved and determined to kill herself. Jack rewarded her after the dance with a crown and a kiss, both of which she received with modesty and gratitude. There was also a ladder-dance, in which a young man got upon a ladder and made it walk about, and climbed up to the top of it and over it, and sat upon the topmost rung, and yet never let it fall—a very dexterous fellow.

"Why," said Jack, presently, "what have you and I learned, Luke, that can compare with the things which these people can do? Grant that I know the name and place of every bit of gear in a ship, and that you can paint a boat to the life, what is that compared with dancing on the slack-rope, or balancing a ladder as this fellow does it?"

At the time I confess I was, like Jack, somewhat carried away by the sight of so much dexterity, and began to think that perhaps showmen, mountebanks, and jugglers have more reason for pride than any other class of mankind. Afterward I reflected that the wisdom of our ancestors has always held in contempt the occupations of buffoon and juggler, so that, though we may acknowledge and even praise their dexterity, we are not called upon to envy or admire them.

Outside the booths, and apart from the theatres and shows, there was a stage, on which, at first sight, one only discerned a fiddler, a fifer, a drummer, and a fellow dressed in yellow and black, with a long tin trumpet. This was the stage of the great High German Doctor; his name I have forgotten, but it was a very high and noble sounding one. There were tables on the stage, and beside the musicians were the Doctor's zanies, who tumbled and postured, and danced the tight-rope; and his shell-grinders and compounders, every one of whom in turn harangued and bamboozled the mob. As for the Doctor himself, he was not at first on the stage at all; but presently the man with the tin trumpet blew a horrid blast, and bawled out, "Room for the Doctor, gentlemen! Room for the Doctor!" and the people parted right and left, while, mounted on a black steed, that learned person rode very slowly toward the stage. The saddle was covered with red velvet; it was provided with a kind of lectern, on which was a big folio volume, which the Doctor was reading, paying no heed to the crowd, as if no moment could be spared from study. A fellow dressed in crimson



"SADDLE UP."—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

led the horse. The Doctor was a tall and stout man, with an extraordinary dignity of carriage, and solemn countenance, dressed in a gown of black velvet and a crimson velvet cap, like unto the cap of a Cambridge Medicinæ Doctor. Then the man with the tin trumpet hung out a placard upon the stage, on which was the great man's style and titles, and these he bellowed forth for the information of those who could not read. We learned, partly from the placard and partly from this fellow, that the great man was physician to the Sophy of Persia, and to the Great Mogul, tooth-drawer to the King of Morocco, and corn-cutter to the Emperor of Trebizonde, the Grand Turk, and Prester John; that he was the seventh son of a seventh son; that it was seven days before he sucked, seven months before he cried, and seven years before he uttered a single word, so long was this wonderful genius in preparing for his duties. Finally the Doctor himself stood before us, and made his oration.

"Gentlemen all," he said, "I congratulate you on your good fortune in coming to Horn Fair this day, for it is my birthday; and on this anniversary I give away my priceless medicines for no greater charge than will pay for the bottles and boxes in which they are bestowed. On all other days they are sold for their weight in gold. I have here"—he held up a plaster—"the Cataplasma Diabolicum, or Vulnerary Decoction of Monkshood, which heals all wounds in twenty-four hours if applied alone; if taken with the Electuary Pacific—show the Electuary, varlets!—it heals in a couple of hours. I have the Detersive, Renefying, and Defecating Ophthalmic, which will cure cataracts and blindness, and will cast off scales as big as barnacles in less than a minute. I have for earache, toothache, faceache, and tic a truly wonderful vegetable, an infusion of peony, black hellebore, London-pride, and lily root. Here is a bottle of Orvietans, for the expulsion of poison, price one shilling only. Here is the Balsamum Arthriticum; here the Elixir Cephalicum, Asthmaticum, Nephriticum, et Catharticum. Gentlemen, there is no disease under the sun"—here the trumpeter blew the tin trumpet—"but I can cure it. Rheumatics"—bang went the drum—"Asthma"—bang went the drum between every word—"Gout—Sciatica—Lumbago—Pleurisy—Melancholy: in a word, there is nothing that I cannot cure at a quarter the cost of your town doctors. No more disease, gentlemen, no more pain; step up and try the Cataplasma Diabolicum, the Electuary Pacific, the Detersive Ophthalmic, and the Vegetable Infusion. Step up and buy the medicines that will make and keep you in hearty good health so that you shall live to a hundred and fifty—ay, even with care, to two hundred and fifty—knowing neither age, sickness, nor decay."

The people laughed incredulously, and yet believed every word, which I suppose will always be the case with the mob, and began to push and shove each other in their eagerness to buy the wonderful medicines. For his part, Jack listened open-mouthed.

"Why," he said, "what fools we are, Luke, to let this foreign fellow go, who hath so many secrets! Why do not we keep him and get his secrets out of him, and so let there be no more sick-lists to be kept?"

Then he would have gone on the stage and bought everything the Doctor had to sell, but I dissuaded him, pointing out that the fellow was only an impudent impostor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SETTING THE CLUB TOPSAIL.

In the very spirited picture on page 572 the artist has happily caught the situation on board a yacht when its crew are setting the club topsail. The difference in the appearance of this sail when neatly set and when in the process of setting is very great, and to the non-professional who watches it slowly rising from the deck, the lower end of its sprit almost invariably getting jammed inside the eyes of the lower rigging, and the club yard swinging promiscuously about, getting on all sides of the boom topping lift except the right one, the wonder is how on earth it is ever to be got in its proper position, with its long sprit extending far above the truck, and its club far out beyond the gaff end, its end bowsed down taut with a club line from the boom end, the tack hove down taut, and the whole sail setting like a board.

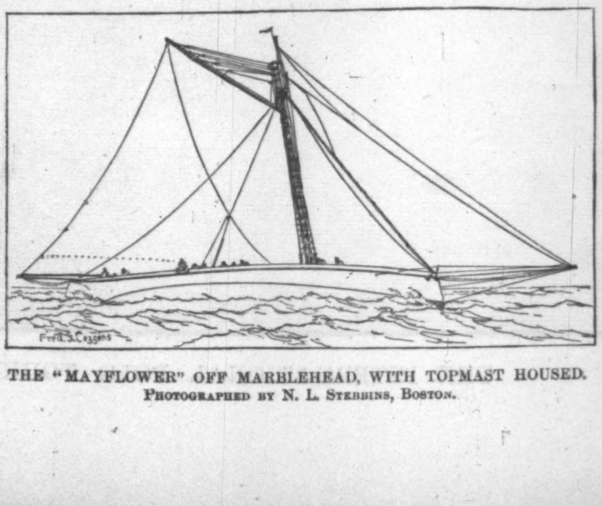
Of all the sails of a yacht none is so expensive, so troublesome, or the source of so much danger, as the club top-sail. No other craft except a yacht ever carries such a sail, and to the eye of a sailor they are an utter abomination. It is a matter of extreme doubt whether, on the whole, they are of any benefit, and most certainly the benefit is not sufficient to pay for their enormous expense. Putting aside the cost of canvas and spars, the amount of rigging required for them is proportionately much greater than for any other sail on the yacht. Their great weight requires a double purchase in order to hoist them, and until recently the halyards consisted of a gun-tackle purchase, with the upper block hooked to a strap above the eyes of the topmast rigging. One or more of the four large sloops which recently competed in the trial races improved upon this by having a single rope of wire led through a sheave in the topmast, and a gun-tackle purchase from the forward end of this at the topmast head to the deck, making of it a pennant and double whip. The advantage of this was that the purchase was increased, and the sprit, when the sail was set, was hauled close in to the topmast. Besides the halyards, there is the sheet leading through a sheave at the gaff end, and a small line bent on to the end of the club—or "jack-yard," as it is called in Great Britain—and led through a block at the end of the main-boom, the object being to tauten the after-leech of the sail, and besides these the tack.

The club topsail, it may be said generally, is of no earthly use when the yacht is sharp upon a wind. In most cases it is a positive detriment. Had the sloop *Priscilla* taken her club topsail in when she rounded the outer mark in the last of the trial races, it is more than probable that she would have been at the finish line earlier than she was. With the wind abeam, however, or when running with a quartering breeze, or with wind dead aft, the club topsail does yeoman service in light winds.

Several attempts have been made in the New York Yacht Club to bar this illegitimate sail out. It is not allowed in any other of the large clubs, except the Eastern, and the sooner it is altogether forbidden the better will sailors be pleased.

Like the spinnaker, it is of modern invention, having been first used somewhere about 1865, but, unlike the spinnaker, it cannot plead its usefulness as a reason for its retention.

As a rule, the move for the abolition of the club topsail comes from yacht owners who have not invested their dollars in this sail, and don't want to be put to such expense; whereas the men who already have club topsails desire to use a sail which they have paid for; and so far the club-topsail men have been able to defeat any rule forbidding its use. Some years ago, when the late Mr. W. T. Garner owned both the *Mohawk* and the *Magic*, the club-topsail resolution was defeated by a single vote, Mr. Garner voting for both yachts. This last spring a resolution was adopted that no club topsails should be used on the cruise of the club. Afterward the club realized that it had no right to prescribe any such rule, it offering no prize for competition, and the resolution was reconsidered; but the day is not far distant when the only reminder of the club topsail will be furnished by pictures.



THE "MAYFLOWER" OFF MARBLEHEAD, WITH TOPMAST HOUSED.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY N. L. STEBBINS, BOSTON.

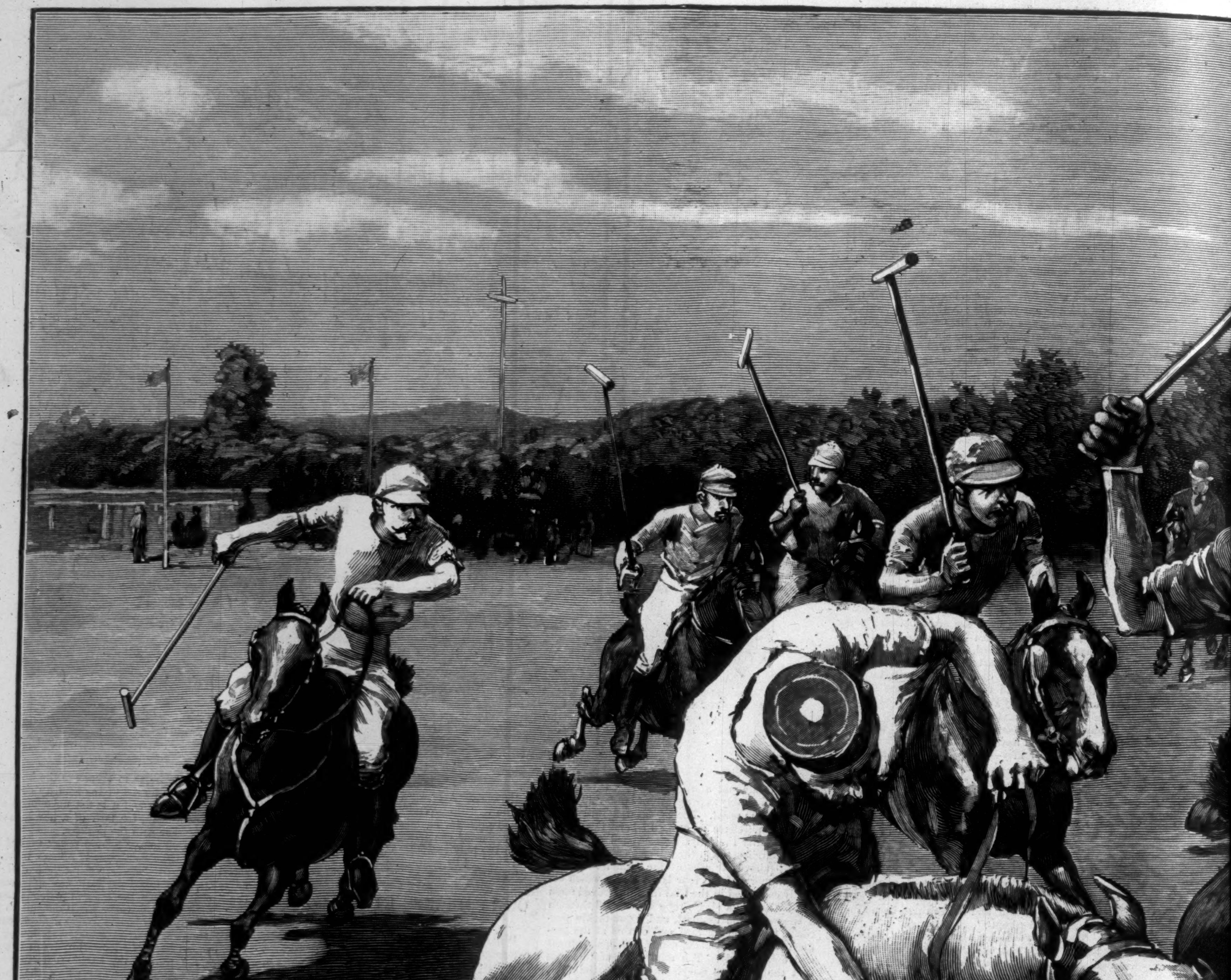
## OUR SOLDIERS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

When General Miles's cavalry in the long campaign against the Apaches in the Southwest has chased the Indians to their own ground, the pitching of the camp is a very simple performance. Whenever a resting-place for the night is selected, the soldiers dismount and unsaddle their horses. This done, they are in camp. There is little labor, and no ceremony. A roaring camp fire is a luxury they cannot now enjoy. They rest ready at any moment to be aroused. As soon as the first clear light of the morning comes and the horses are brought up from the grazing ground of the night, instead of the trumpet of the usual cavalry camp the simple order is heard, "Catch your horses." When they are picketed, the troopers eat their breakfast, fill their canteens, and supply their saddle-bags with rations from the pack, for they do not know what may happen before they make another halt. Anything is to be looked for except a fair fight, and when a day's march in the mountains is begun with a warm trail of a band of Apaches, the long safe marches on the plain seem as great a holiday as life in barracks seemed when they were on the plain. The packers load the mules with the scant *impedimenta* of the little army, and readiness to begin the march is announced in the non-military phrase, "All right, sarge." The command to "saddle up" is given in more soldierly fashion, and every rough cavalryman spreads the blanket on his horse as tenderly as a mother covers a sleeping baby, for besides affection for the animal the soldier has another reason for tenderness—the fear of punishment and the loss of the respect of his comrades.

And then the march begins. The scouts lead the way, following the trail with infinite patience and wonderful skill. They read every hoof-print and the position of every twig by the way with an accuracy that an Egyptologist might envy in his sign-reading. Across a valley the horse-tracks show that the enemy made good speed, and their freshness after the wind of the preceding morning tells that they travelled there in the afternoon. So long as the trail is plain the troopers make as good speed as they dare through the burning sand. The water in the canteens can wet but it does not cool their throats, and the tongues of the horses protrude from thirst. There is no consolation in the discovery which the scouts make from the trail, that the horses of the enemy were so weary here that they dragged their feet in the sand, but it gives hope that the trail will soon bring them to water. The scouts find blood-drops in the sand, which mean that the cruel riders urged their horses onward by thrusting knives into their sides: and they find the body of a beast that had lain down and died. When the heat and thirst become so intense as to overcome the horses of the Indians, the horses of the soldiers can hope for no better fate; and it is not uncommon that a cavalryman must, for lack of a horse, take a place in the rear with the packers.

A day's ride across a wide valley toward the mountains in the Southwest is seldom taken in scorching weather without the delusion of the mirage, but the imaginary lake does not deceive the scouts. When the base of a mountain is reached, the trail becomes more difficult to follow. It frequently leads through the least easily accessible places, but it must be followed, for once lost, all hope of successful pursuit is gone. Besides, the trail is the surest route to water. Abrupt places are reached where the Indian horses have been urged forward with the knife. The cavalrymen dismount and lead their horses forward where they can hardly climb themselves. In such places the scouts sometimes lose the trail; a passage over rocks leaves no sign even to their trained eyes. If the Indians are aware of the pursuit, they erase their horse-tracks or confuse the trail. While their pursuers are endeavoring to track them a sudden volley of bullets from a thicket or from a mountain ledge higher up may deprive the little army of some of its bravest men and strongest horses. When an unexpected battle is ended, if it be near night after a long day's marching, the uncertainty as to a renewal of the attack and possibly the distance from a water-course make a night of security less tolerable than a day of marching or of battle.

It is such difficulties as these that have made the prolongation of the Apache war necessary in spite of its vigorous prosecution at favorable opportunities both by our troops and the Mexican troops, and by both combined. These Indians prefer not to fight when their enemy has an equal chance, and they never do fight under such conditions except when they are taken by surprise. Forced into a battle, however, they do not lack the bravery of desperation. But the difficulty is in "cornering" them. As racers across the mountains, and as enemies in ambuscade, all the annals of warfare with savages, perhaps, contain no record of their equals. They lead a nomadic life, and they are familiar with every mile of the vast territory they traverse. Their horses are trained to the greatest endurance, and they send only their hardiest warriors to do dangerous plundering or to harass the enemy. Certainly no civilized men can be trained or inured to anything like the same endurance at once of hard work and meagre fare. Our government has practically acknowledged this by employing aboriginal scouts. Set an Indian to catch an Indian is at least as good a working adage as the common one in relation to thieves. When their supplies become low, or when they become weary of daring adventures, the hostiles quietly steal away to Mexico if they have been in the United States, or into the United States if they have been in Mexico, and it would wear down an army of veterans of the greatest endurance simply to follow them. They have the qualities of Indians and of mountaineers, and they now have the stimulating consciousness that their lives are at stake.



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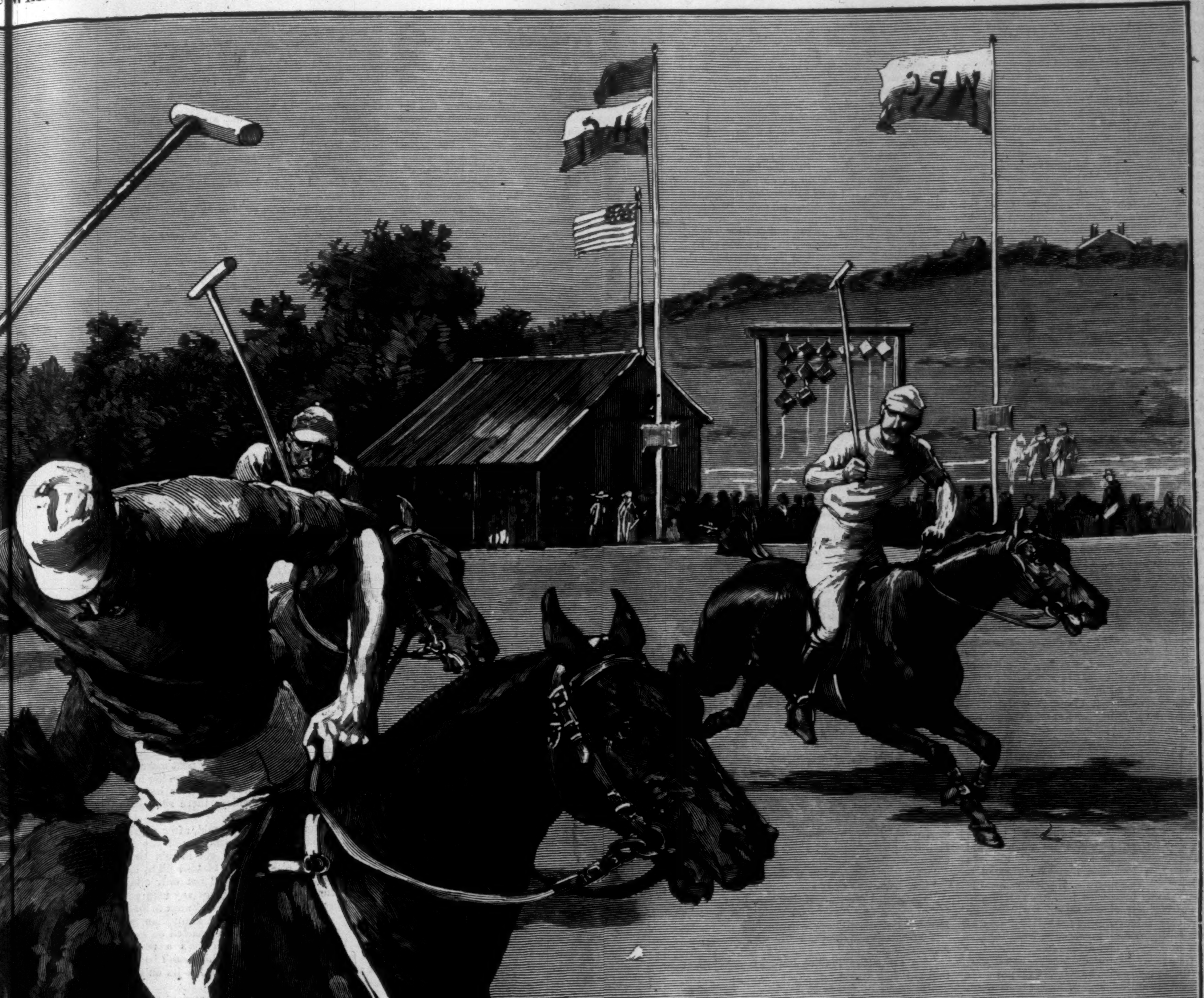

NEWPORT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 574.]

# THE SUICIDAL TENDENCIES OF MR. EPHRODTUS TWILLEY.

By R. M. JOHNSTON.

"Aspice, quam sævas increpat aura minas!"
—Propertius.

## I.

The emigration of the Twillies from South Carolina ended at our village by the breaking down of the horse that drew the wagon bearing them and their property. A small house just out of town on the east being without a tenant, they took it. The family, after the death of the horse, comprised only Mr. Twilley, his wife, and their daughter, Simanthy. Their dress and general appearance suggested that either such poverty was not their normal state or that they were not without ambition to improve: the man, somewhat above middle height, slender, mild, though inquiry-looking; the woman, rather low in stature, quick of motion, and studied in speech; the daughter, now ten years old, seeming to have inherited her father's physique and the rest from her mother. All got early notice from the villagers, the earlier perhaps from the fact that very shortly after their arrival they were known to be members of the religious denomination to which a large majority of the former belonged.

Even the Christian name of Mr. Twilley was made known as early as the second day after their arrival, he, while his wife and daughter were engaged in stowing in the new residence their household goods, having walked uptown and seated himself on a chair in the piazza of Mr. Bland's store. This name was originally meant for *Epaphroditus*. But his parents, being persons of limited education, contracted it to *Ephrodtus*; and the bearer, whose literary advantages, for some reason, had not been better, though a somewhat aspiring person, never laid claim, if he knew of it, to the proper elongation.

It was not difficult to see that pride in the possession of this distinguished name had existed long before Mr. Twilley's removal to Dukesborough. It was said that at one time he had claimed direct lineal descent from the historic character who had transmitted it; and not until repeatedly assured that this bearer of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Philippians was, in all probability, a Jew, did he rebate this claim, and become content with other inheritances besides mere blood. These were weak health of body, demonstrative love of the members of his religious denomination, proper hostility to those of all others, special devotion to church officials, and a notable fondness for bearing letters and other messages among them. Superadded to these was an apparent preference for rendering such service as what he styled his "ofting infirmities" allowed to others than his own family—a trait not very uncommon with some sorts of men.

As people became more and more acquainted with the new-comers they joined in various degrees in the surprise which Mrs. Twilley occasionally, at some proper distance, intimated to have been felt by herself, that such a woman should have taken such a man for husband. She was not, however, a high-tempered nor a gloomy-spirited person in general. Necessity for the activity that was born with her, the practice, in the line of business, of arts, some of which made decency, cheerfulness, even studied softness of manner, indispensable to success, had hitherto kept off everything like desperation. Her face had the signs of having once been handsome; her dressing, poor as she was, was not only scrupulously neat, but stylish to a degree quite beyond what Dukesborough had been used to; and her language, though usually conducted on a subdued key, gave evidence always of being formed with careful regard to the selection of words and the pronunciation and intonation that would be of every possible advantage. Her gait was as stylish as her dress and speech; perhaps more so, for Mr. Twilley often said, and she never denied, that she was related to the Plummers, who, in former prosperous times, were as good people as any in all that region of Carolina.

The occupations of Mrs. Twilley besides domestic, when she had become well known, were various, but mostly pertained to the peculiar wants of persons of her own sex. She did indeed cut and make clothes for men and boys; but feeling what a delicate person she was, this was not one of her favorites, but done incidentally during those intervals wherein those professional duties of which she was fondest slackened, and because, as she often declared, she could not bear to be idle. She was an adept at making and fitting ladies' garments, and the trimming of their Leghorn bonnets and green silk calashes. As for the repairing of the former, and restoring the golden sheen with which they had first come out of the store, she obtained in the very briefest time the monopoly of that business. Then she iced cakes beautifully, and her cuttings of paper-hangings for syllabub stands were said to be perfect. Further yet, Mrs. Twilley, though not claiming to have had a professional education (for, indeed, there was in those times no such thing for the sex), yet had united in her the qualities of physician and nurse to a degree that some of the ladies used to call excellent. Doctors' bills, then as now, were subjects of complaint, so that such as Mrs. Twilley, though none so often and with so satisfactory results, used to be called, particularly to women and very young children.

These, as in the matter of outward decoration, were her preferred patients. Yet to men and boys, notably in cases of rheumatism, fits, burns, and boils, she would have considered it wrong to refuse to prescribe (though always with utmost delicacy) what, with taking accentuation, she called her tinctions and dequoctions. In time she was believed to know about some cases as much as the doctors, if not more. Ladies with extremely young children found in her a physician skilful as there was commonly any need to be, a perfect nurse, a pleasant companion, sometimes a cherished confidante. Calls for her at length came even from the country. At a Saturday conference, the first she had been able to attend for some time, Mrs. Byne, who dwelt three miles south, near the hither bank of the Ogeechee, said to Mrs. Leadbetter, wife of the leading deacon:

"How I'd of ever got through what I've been through, Sister Leadbetter, and come out a live woman, hadn't been for Sister Twilley, goodness only knows. And as for my baby, its little stomach had got that wommacked up with the doctor's medicines, when it had the hives, that Mr. Byne and me give it up to die; when Sister Twilley took it, and soon as she took it, look like the poor little thing knowed who were its friend, and it hushed and begun gitting better that very minute. And Mr. Byne say hadn't been we called in Sister Twilley, the doctor's bill would of took a whole bag o' cotton. And he say furthermore, Mr. Byne do, that she's as ejicated a person as they is in Dukesborough, and I believe it, because she used a many a word that *I* didn't know the meaning of 'em. And what do Brer Twilley do, Sister Leadbetter?"

"When," answered that lady, "well as I can gether, Sister Byne, when he ain't a-kyarrin of messenges and a totin' of news, he's a-settin' in Mr. Bland's piazzer."

## II.

Inactive as was the career of Mr. Twilley, it was not wholly uneventful. No valetudinarian, it is probable, except among uncommonly saintly persons, ever made less angry complaint, at least in public, against infirmities of health, than did Mr. Twilley against those which he had inherited from his renowned namesake.

"People," he would often say, "that is a everlastin' complainin' about their bad healths can't expect in reason to have enjoyment of theirselves. I've always been agin sech as that, 'flicted as I am, and so were Ephrodtus in the Bible thar, who my father, an' he done it o' purpose, named me arfter. *He* were sick nigh onto death, so the 'postle writ, an' yit he never complained, nor went about a-complainin'; but he got up, took the 'Postle Paul's epistle, and kyarr'd it straight to them Philippians, who he writ it to, straight as he could go."

"Well, but, Mr. Twilley," Mr. Bland might interpose about here, "your Bible namesake got well and went at something else, didn't he? He didn't jes confine hisself to kyarrin letters, did he? and do not a blessed thing for his livin', I hope."

"The Bible don't say so, Mr. Bland. You read it. It don't say he got well ever complete, an' never got laid up. He went on to his jooty, an' it's what I tries to do. I jes natchul can't help from lovin' to fetch the glad tidin's, an' special 'mong my brethren an' sisters; an' as for goin' reg'lar to meetin', I'm goin' to do that long as I can git there, makes no odds if them fitty spells does come on me; an' Brer Leadbetter and Brer Hall has to take me out twell I can revwive an' come back."

"Were he a married man?"

"The Bible don't say so."

"Because I thought if he was he could of found something else to do besides of kyarrin letters."

"You can't put in the Bible what ain't thar already, Mr. Bland."

"Oh, I'm puttin' nothing in it. I were just a-inquirin'."

The spells alluded to by Mr. Twilley were of so frequent occurrence that the boys, and even some of the girls, were disappointed when a Sunday meeting passed without the stir they produced.

"Look out!" one would whisper; "Mr. Twilley's goin' to have one of his fits."

These occurred during the sermon, and were usually preceded by a most felicitous expression on his face, as if the unction poured down by his pastor was so abundant and sweet that he must be carried into the outer air to be relieved of a portion of its redundancy. After a few moments he would return to his seat, when, bestowing a look of thankfulness all around, he would lift up his head and begin to take the remaining supplies. It had gotten so that neither preacher nor congregation was much startled by these spells. To the younger portion of the latter they served to make the sermon appear of more endurable length. In time, however, the deacons became wearied, not that their true hearts were without sympathy, or their stalwart arms without strength, but that they were not willing, unless unavoidably, to lose any, especially the very warmest part, of their pastor's discourse. Mr. Leadbetter, the older of the two, after some reflection, thought he would appeal to Mrs. Twilley's medicinal skill for relief to all parties.

"I wonder, Sister Twilley," he said to her one day when she was visiting at his house, "that, as you helps other fitty people, you don't try an' see what you can do on Brer Twilley."

"Laws of mercies, Brother Leadbetter!" she answered, with an indifferent smile, "them egzitements of Mr. Twilley is nothing in the world but little sprasm-fits that comes on him in meeting when he have the ideases that he is too full to hold no more. They are not paryoxims at all. If they was paryoxims, I could do somethings with him; but, as it is, you notice that when he have them I never goes a-nigh him, but sets an' listens to Brother Swinney the same as if no accident, an' which they isn't, just betwixt me and you."

Mr. Leadbetter reflected, and then said, "But, Sister Twilley, couldn't you—ahem!—couldn't you fling him—ah! what you say them tother things wuz?"

"Paryoxims, Brother Leadbetter. They are a kind of fits that *is* fits indeed, and requests clos' managings and attenchings. I has had *sometimes*, but not ofting, to throw childern into paryoxims to get those out of the whooping-cough; but it is resky, an' with grown people it's dangersome. An' as for Mr. Twilley, his case ain't a case for *females*. *I* can do no more with him than you can, and, in fact an' truth, not as much. I've tried persuadings an' adwisings, but that only fret him an' make him go to threatening. But that is dimestics matters, an' belongs to the mere little sprasm-fits that's his kinds of pets, an' which *I* can't manage no more than you can, an' not as much, an' the dilicacies of my sitooations keeps me from being prepeered to say how."

Mr. Leadbetter frowned, yet with full respect, upon the lady, but did not press either the suggestion he had made or the solution of her remarks, which were far from being satisfactory to his mind. But a few days thereafter, while Mr. Twilley was on a visit to him, and they were sitting in the piazza, he said, in a tone that, if remonstrative, meant to be regarded as affectionate also:

"Brer Twilley, ef them fitty spells of your'n is obleeged to take you in the meetin'-house, I wish it could be so that they could be put off untwell after Brer Swinney git through with his sermont; because, as we don't hear him but oncet a month, it stand to reason that it go ruther hard on me an' Brer Hall to have to be a-totin' you out right in the wery hottest part, an' a-havin' the young people o' the congregation —you know how young people is, Brer Twilley. Ahem! Now, of course, I know that 'flictions is 'flictions, an' as the 'Cluster'* say, is oft in mercy sent, yit, my hopes should fain be strong that you could, as it were, you may say, brace yourself agin 'em, at leastways for the present time a-bein', so we can all git all we can outen the messenges Brer Swinney fetches us."

"Brer Leadbetter," answered Mr. Twilley, with a humble smile, "it's because I gits that full o' consolation at them messenges, that I jes natchelly feels like runnin' over, an' *then's* the time the fits gits me."

"Jes so, an' *ef* you could jes only hold on an' hold in ontwell Brer Swinney was done, it would be *sech* a ricommendation to you an' us all, Brer Twilley, an' special to me an' Brer Hall."

"I'll do my best, Brer Leadbetter," said the invalid, after a sad pause. "*I* no doubt Ephrodtus, that the 'Postle Paul used to send his 'pistles by, tried his levelest best to git well, ef not for his self, for his other brotherin: an' I means to do the same. My father named me arfter him, Brer Leadbetter, an' I ben a-tryin' to foller the egzampul he sot; but I'll try harder yit from this day an' date."

"That's right! *That's* right!" said Mr. Leadbetter, with a cordiality that was gushing; "an' I no doubt you'll be thankful for doin' of it. I know me an' Brer Hall will."

It went to show what virtue is in earnest purpose and resolute endeavor that Mr. Twilley's very next fit was postponed even until the congregation was dismissed.

"Sher!" said little Tom Beach, "sech fits as that ain't worth a copper to look at."

Said Mr. Leadbetter: "The brothrin was all gratified, thankful, special me an' Brer Hall."

## III.

As if he noticed the diminution of sympathy for his belated spells, Mr. Twilley's cheerfulness in and out of church seemed to decline. He punctually, as before, continued to take his wall end of a bench near the lofty pulpit; but it began to be observed that, instead of ecstasy upon his face (pleasant to see except for the scene it used to forebode), he now regarded the preacher with a stern intensity during the first half of the discourse, and when the unction had begun to fall fairly he rested his head sometimes against the wall, more often on the bench in front, and had precisely the appearance of a person asleep. Tom Beach said he *was* asleep, and, in the manner of a person resentful for an injury, said, frequently:

"Sher! them sprasm-fits he used to have, he had 'em to keep his eyes open when Miswinney was a-preachin'. He may fool Misleadbetter; he can't fool me."

The very last public prostration of Mr. Twilley took place in the front yard, and was so uneventful comparatively that Tom Beach said that if nobody would ever mention the name of old man Twilley again where he could hear it, he would be much obleeged to 'em.

But consequences quite beyond the mere diminution of cheerfulness were destined to follow the change thus brought about by so extraordinary efforts at the control of an unfortunate malady. Formerly it had been remarked that Mr. Twilley's highest pleasure in reading the newspaper published by his congregation was derived from the obituary notices of pious brethren and sisters who had departed. Acquaintance with these when in life was not at all necessary to the sweetness of the recital of their last hours. At such readings he would softly and brokenly express the request that, when he should go, some of the brethren would write to the paper telling among other things how he had gone in the triumphs of the faith, especially that branch of it in which he had always been located—if he could so speak. But now even these harmless transports became more and more subdued, and whenever the subject of death in any form was mentioned in his hearing his countenance wore an expression more and more gloomy, even threatening. Mr. Hall one day mentioned to the leading elder his apprehension that Mr. Twilley was in danger of backsliding.

"Oh, I hope not," answered Mr. Leadbetter; "at least no very fur ways. I've told Brer Twilley ef he could find something to do besides of walkin' about an' settin' about, ef it were only a-weedin' out his wife's g'yard'n, er cuttin' wood, er fetchin' water fer her, in my opinions he'd be better off in body an' mind. He say he broke hisself down a-workin' when he were young. I hain't—jes betwix' me an' you, Brer Hall—I hain't been witness to his hurtin' hisself that way sence he ben here. But I hain't been afeard o' his *backslidin'*, that is, to no great extents. He have a too good of a egzample of a wife for that."

"But there it is. They tell me that here lately she ben a-tellin' him it's a shame he won't work to help support his fambly, an' that he got mad as a wet hen, an' ben a-threat'nin' ef she didn't hush both'rin' him about work he'd—well, the words *I* heerd was, he threatened to make a widder of her."

"M-m-make—make what of her, Brer Hall?"

"A widder."

"A wid—you mean, make a widderer of—of hisself."

"No, *sir*. The word I heerd was *widder*."

"Why, what—why don't the man know he couldn't make no widder of—of his own wife, no marter ef he was mean enough to try to? 'Bleeged to be some mistake some'r's o' some kind, er else the man *have* backslid, shore, an' that rapid. Something have to be done to— You cert'n in your mind, Brer Hall, that the man use the word *widder?*"

"That's the word I heerd, Brer Leadbetter, with my own ears, in town."

This was portion of a conversation between the deacons at their meeting in the road as Mr. Leadbetter was returning from a visit to his country place. His wife met him at their gate, confirming the news.

"An', Mis' Leadbetter, ef such as that is let go on, we'll 'bolish the church an' t'ar down the meetin'-house."

"But the question is, my dear Ninecy, what the man mean. *I* don't understan' it."

"Ner neither do me; but which make the case worse, an' make 'pear like—I come mighty nigh a-sayin' like a murricle."

"That's egzactly what it do *sound* like. I would like to know what Brer Twilley a-drivin' at by his remarks; but my ricommendation to you, Ninecy, is to be very prudent in what you say to—to Sister Twilley."

Mr. Leadbetter had not been deacon for thirty years without finding out some things about the starting of inquiries concerning matters of importance. The more he cautioned his wife about keeping herself away from the Twilleys, the more determined, as he foresaw, she would be to go among them. So that night, as Mrs. Leadbetter talked and talked, he sat and said little except to warn her about the repetition of his own remarks to Mrs. Twilley, while she grew more and more sure in her mind that on the very next morning, as soon as he should leave the house, on her head her bonnet should go, and straight as her feet could take her to the Twilleys there she would travel.

"And, Sister Twilley," she said, after a brief sorrowful salutation, "ef I was to tell you the truth, I don't honest think I got more'n three good fa'r winks o' sleep the blessed night last night, a-layin' awake a-thinkin' not only about you, but the case in gen'l, an' how any man person 'ith any conscions in him would want to make a widder outen his own lawful kimpanion, an' then, ef so be the case, how he 'pended on goin' about it. Mr. Leadbetter—an' he's a readin' man, you know—he say sech a thing *can't* be 'ithout a man jes set in an' kill hisself—jes on'y so, out an' out."

Mrs. Twilley, remembering the ancient connection of her family with the Plummers, deliberate, careful, calm, neat in speech as in the icing of cakes, the trimming of bonnets, and the spreading of poultices, thus answered:

"I were perpeered, Sister Leadbetter, to be requested about Mr. Twilley's preformans, for sech preformans in the courses of times cannot be hid under bushels. The life I am now living for the present times is not of that blissful kinds that is fashionable with your families and other families in this delightful—I would fain call it city, such is my predergices for its inhabitants and populations. As for Mr. Twilley, ever since we were joined and, I may say, united in the banes of matermony, he have done nothings I can remember in my mind to help support hisself even, let alone his family. Now the not being useded, in the families I was raised, for men to do nothing whatsomever, and women do everything whatsomever for the support of rising domestic families, I have sometimes told him so in waruous words, languages, hintings, and suspishings. He at first, Mr. Twilley did, he brought up the case of the good brother in the Scripters of the Aposchil Paul, arfter whom, and I have always thought since I have knew Mr. Twilley intimate, that it was a great pity his parrents named him arfter him. When he see *they* didn't convince me, he went into the consequences of having of very small sprasm-fits. But by that time, Sister Leadbetter—for, Sister Leadbetter, I feel like I can talk to you *as* a sister—I had studied and edjecated tinctions and dequoctions to that that I never had the least ideas that them little sprasm-fits would ever come to a paryoxim, and at lengthwise I said so, or languages according to it. And now lately Mr. Twilley have been going into still more consequences, and them are that he threatened one day that if I didn't mind he would make a widow of me. Of course I were surprised, just like you was when you first heard the interesting news; and to tell the truth, I was affrightened with fears, a not understanding Mr. Twilley's meanings. But this was in foreign days, and special when Brother Leadbetter requested him about putting off his emoshings in church until after the sermont, which of course he knewed, in all the circumstances of the cases, he could not unoblige and deny Brother Leadbetter, a-knowing he were the deacon, and the oldest deacon of the congregation; but which that had made him mad, and special when he notussed that I were glad for the change. At first I were affrightened with fears, as I repeated to you; but when Mr. Twilley explained his opinions, and I found that he was a-talking and a-speaking of killing hisself, my mind got becalm, because I knewed that were *un*-possible excepting he were to meet up with a accident. The truth is, Sister Leadbetter, Mr. Twilley is nowheres nigh being the despert and voilent man that might be supposened from such voilent and interesting remarks. But a few, a very small quantity of days ago, when I had got fatigued with my trying to get him to rise from his slumbering positions and kinditions and go to work at *some* business and ockepations as would, if no mores, feed and clothe and wash his own self, his remarks was yit more interesting; and he spoke with that voilence that Tommy Beach, when he were a-passing by our door, he were obleeged to hear him, and that is the way the news spread, I have not a doubts in my own nor any person else's minds.

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* *Mercer's Cluster*, a hymn-book used among country people.

"But, oh, Sister Leadbetter!" she continued, with a sad soft smile, "one time, in former days, I were affrightened by Mr. Twilley's first open attemptions, which I can now calmly call interesting, because my experiences is there never was anything in them, and never will be, excepting, as I before repeated, by a accident; but yet one day I heard a groaning in the backyard at a most *important* rate. I run to the solemn sounds, though affrightened, like the deer. There set Mr. Twilley, with a end of a rope h'isted over a chainyberry tree, around his neck, and a end in his hands, and which he made the remarks that his strenkt had give out just at the last jerk, when he wanted it the mostest, an' that he would have to stay in this vale of tears a while longer, until some other opportunities. I were a small somewhat affrightened, I acknowledge, betwixt me and you, Sister Leadbetter, but I amejiate saw the kinditions and the sitooashins. Besides, I were already at the time a-mixing of the brimstone and other ingregiencies for Sister Hall's bonnet, an' I jest could *not* afford to tarry at any such a childless scenery. The times is positive not sufficient"—the lady ended with tones and expressions indicating incipient slight fatigue—"to information you about Mr. Twilley's a-drinking, instid of the dequoction of jimson-weeds he *said* he had perpeered, from a bottle of rum and allocampane which I had tinctioned for Missis Plunket's weak stomach, and then a-going to bed a-requesting that it shall be said when he were gone that what killed him were his heart were broke, and then, when he waked up the next morning, to have to say to Simanthy that it did seem like he had as many lives as a cat, and that in my very presons, but which I set silent as the very tombstone, and that an' varous other performans in which you see how I've been fooled, though, of course, a-knowing always, both now an' in former times, that nothing is never in them, nor won't be, excepting, of course, a accident of some kind."

When Mrs. Twilley had ceased, her visitor rose abruptly.

"Sister Twilley, it *do* beat! And it's a pity but what some kind o' ac—"

But right there Mrs. Leadbetter saw that as a Christian woman she ought to restrain the words that were burning on her tongue. She sat down again, and as strictly confidential as Mr. Leadbetter had been with herself, she repeated to her hostess some of the words that had been employed by that sagacious and excellent man relating to the subject-matter now in hand. When she was about to go, and Mrs. Twilley said, "Oh, Sister Leadbetter, if it was not for my respects for thee and my love for thee—," and then broke down, Mrs. Leadbetter broke down a great deal farther; and when she next saw her husband, after repeating as well as she could Mrs. Twilley's history, she said: "And you think, Mr. Leadbetter, the blessed good woman didn't call me *thee?* I *told* you *she* were as edjicated as the best of 'em, and now I tell you she's a saint. She could a-never of used them words to me 'ithout of bein' of one. And I set and listened to her woices for nigh on to two hours, which I think, on my soul, is sweet a'most as singin'."

"Very fine, very fine indeeds."

"It's jest another case, Mr. Leadbetter, of a man a-dissip'intin' of his lawful wife, and a-gittin' out of it with threatenin's that has nothin' in 'em but laziness."

"He have not been flung in a parrysism yit, I suppose," remarked Mr. Leadbetter, thoughtfully and rather distantly.

Mrs. Leadbetter laughed.

"The laws! Mr. Leadbetter. How you can git things wrong! They ain't parry-*sisms*, they're parry-*cosms*. And as for that, he may be flung there sooner'n he's a-expectin'. The fact is, somethin' *got* to be done to stop these proceedons, or the deacons 'll have to fetch 'em up before the Confer'nce."

"Nothing is ever made by hurryin', Ninecy. My opinions is that for the present, ef Sister Twilley—I don't mean anything that's *too* projecky—but *ef* Sister Twilley could fling Brer Twilley into say a mod'rate-size one of her parrymoxums, or whutsomever she mind to call 'em, for you know she acknowledge that she know what to do with them— But all sich talk is, in course, jes betwix' me and you, Ninecy. You understan' that, an' I want you to. It ain't—not for the present—it don't seem to me it ain't a case for the Confer'nce. My hopes is on Sister Twilley, an' her—whutsomever the things is."

Other remarks were made on this occasion by Mr. Leadbetter, in that strict confidence warranted between husband and wife.

### IV.

The mind of Mr. Leadbetter was, indeed, much perplexed, mainly for the sake of the honor of the church of which he was leading deacon. The scandal of a member threatening to commit suicide was of course a matter of painful contemplation, the more so as some of the other religious denominations had been reported to be much amused at the state of things. Yet, a mere threat, and that generally regarded as idle, to commit a crime was far this side, even when serious, of its perpetration. For it might be prevented by the offender's return to better thoughts, or, as now seemed Mr. Leadbetter's hope, by fortunate accidents in the case under present contemplation. So Mr. Leadbetter concluded, if not to wait, at least to hasten slowly.

One night, after a very long, burning drought, the village was visited by an abundant and most refreshing rain. On the next morning, after a plain but bountiful and excellently cooked breakfast, Mr. Twilley looked cheerful, and as if he was grateful for the sweetness shed all around.

"Mr. Twilley," said his wife, as mildly as she could to save her life, "I wish you would go in the garden and set out some cabbage plants and potato slips, as I am busy, ockipied with Missis Taylor's cap, which I promised her she should receive by dinner-time to-day."

"I'm not well enough, and you know it," he answered, with a threatening frown.

"You are well enough for that very small vocation, Mr. Twilley," she replied, and, I must admit, with more positiveness than was her wont, for it is more than probable that after several recent interviews with Mrs. Leadbetter she had been already revolving a change of schedule in the run of her domestic life.

"Lookee here, female," said Mr. Twilley, fiercely, with that stern courage so habitual in his family, "you've come a-mighty nigh bein' made a widow many a times. You want to be one before your time come?"

"I've been a-thinking on the exper'ences of widows, Mr. Twilley," she answered, with restored mildness, "and a-seeing in my mind's eye how much comfortabler and pleasanter some of them passes their days away than some others that has the names of being married, that I don't know, and am not quite certain that I am perpeered to make a changing exper'ment, if so be it—it should be my lots."

Then she rose, opened her cupboard, took out a carving-knife, sharpened it upon a whetstone that lay near, felt with her fingers the edge of the blade, soliloquized, "I think that will preform the business," then said, yet calm, but with awful solemnity:

"Mr. Twilley, you has put those threat'nings on me severial times for lo those many years, an' you has tried to carry them into performance for lo those severial times, with hanging yourself with ropes and strings of severial size, with taking a various and deffer'nt kind of tinctions and dequoctions, an' a-running heads-foremost against the back garding fence where the palings was off, an' you had, of course, to merrily go through the gap, an' other var'ous intentions which did not peduce your desired effects. I have now sharpened this knife, an' you may both see and feel for yourself that the aige is keen, an' one single wipe across your th'oat will make the widow it seem your desires to see, an' I'll promise you to not raise a finger to pervent it."

By this time Mr. Twilley had risen, and as she advanced proffering the instrument temptingly before him, he backed to the front door, down the steps to the gate, kicked it open from behind, backed through the opened space, wheeled, then fled amain.

Mr. Leadbetter sat in his piazza; his open Bible lay in his lap; his spectacles drooped far down on his nose; his eyes were closed. For the grateful rain had invited first to read in the precious volume, and in the midst to sleep.

"Distracted, Brer Leadbetter! ravin' distracted!" cried Mr. Twilley between breaths as he ascended the steps.

"Distracted? Who? You?" repeated Mr. Leadbetter, roused from sleep, and rising to his feet.

"Me? No, sir?"

"Well, ef you shore it *ain't* you, set down and tell me about it."

When the story was through, ending with a plaintive appeal for advice, Mr. Leadbetter, after a few moments of rumination, said, "Seem to me, Brer Twilley, ef it was me, I'd go back home, and in as gentleman'y way as I knowed how I'd go to settin' out them cabbage and potato slips, and arfter that I'd never much as fling out a hint about my wife bein' of a widder in no shape nor form. To be honest with you, Brer Twilley, sech news as you've brung wouldn't of took me by sech surprise exceptin' I had drap off in a nod, as my head got ruther heavy a-follerin' the 'Postle Paul in his argiments agin the fallin' from grace. Bercause you ought to know by good rights, Brer Twilley, that widders ain't like tother female wimming; they're a independenter set of people all together, and a-includin' them that ain't widders in fact, but which thar husbands flings out his threats to that effect, an' which wimming 'll get tired arfter a while of listenin' to sech, continual an' everlastin', an' they'll get independenter than the good Book allows married wimming to be, an' they *is* danger that in the course o' time they'll git so they think they about as soon be widders as not, an' maybe some ruther, an' other have no kimpanion at all, or stand their chances for one that's more to their notion than them they got now. I'm a older man than what you are, Brer Twilley, some; an' I've had a experience of wimming, an' been a-studyin' of 'em ever sence I knowed myself, you may say. Why, sir, ef I was to fling out constant of threats to make a widder of my wife, she'd up and say, arfter a while, 'Well, Mr. Leadbetter, why don't you go 'long an' do it?' but which I hain't never used them words yit, nor am not a-goin' to. An' so, tharfore, I in your place, I'd go home and make like I done forgot all about my wife pokin' the carvin'-knife handle foremost at me, an' I'd go to settin' out them plants and slips, an' which it won't do to put 'em off. I ben at that business myself long before breakfast, an' it ain't through with yit."

At that moment Mrs. Leadbetter, sticking-fork in hand, appeared at the front door.

"Lookee here, Mr. Leadbetter, them plants an' slips—why, howdy, Brer Twilley? You've all sot out yourn, I s'pose; got no time to tarry; come on, Mr. Leadbetter, soon as you an' Brer Twilley through your talks." And away she went.

"Thar, now. See how 'tis, Brer Twilley? The creeters is made so, an' a man have to do the best he ken."

"Is he goned?" asked Mrs. Leadbetter, with a smile, when her husband, a few moments afterward, joined her.

"Oh yes. Sister Twilley, shore enough, flung him in one of her parrycasms. I give him some few gentle cautions, an' you flung in a binder yourself."

"I aimed at it," she replied.

### V.

Mr. Twilley returned with slowness, inversely proportioned to the speed with which he had advanced. He took notice all along that the men of the village generally were availing themselves of the gracious season by opportune work in their front yards, and especially their gardens.

"Cabbage an' pertaters is bound to be plenty this year," he soliloquized, "if there's anything in plantin'." On reaching home he paused at the gate, and possibly hoped for an invitation from his wife to enter, as she sat in the piazza. But she was busy with Mrs. Taylor's cap, and did not appear to notice him. He uttered a very loud sigh; then, passing on to a corner of the lot, turned and proceeded to the back lot, through which having passed into the garden, he took off his coat and sorrowfully went to work.

Mr. Leadbetter was gratified by the results of the counsel he had given with various degrees of directness. The paroxysm into which Mr. Twilley had been thrown effected as much of a cure as was possible to human agency in a case so chronic. Henceforth Mr. Twilley, instead of being resolute to make a widow of his wife, tried to pay to her every wish a deference that led to the suspicion that he feared that on some exciting occasion she might conclude to make a widow of herself, and painful as was even the thought of doing any sort of domestic work, it was less so than the alternative. His wife, having acquired a just ascendency by heroic employment of her medical skill, held it with a resolution as firm as it was mild. It would have been pitiful, but for being funny, to notice Mr. Twilley's feeble efforts to be—at least to appear—industrious. Fortunately for his wife, though to the regret of the villagers, who without exception had grown to admire and respect her much, she received and accepted from a dry-goods merchant at Augusta an offer to take charge of an annex of millinery which he had made to his store.

"Are you a-intending to proceed along with me, Mr. Twilley?" she asked, in a tone that had grown even more subdued and calm since the establishment of her power.

"Why, the laws of mercy, Sylvy! In course! What else—"

"All right. I only wished to know your desires, your intentions, and your kinclusions. If them are they, I'll take you along with the rest of the furnitoors, what few I've got."

He did not say thanky, ma'am, but he felt it. True to her promise, she hauled him off with the other things. He departed, waving a humbly cheerful good-by to all whom the wagon met.

We heard from the family occasionally. Mrs. Twilley grew more and more in favor with her employer. Her reluctance to part from the practice of her medicinal acquirements was compensated by generous returns for her single occupation. After her husband's discharge of the easy domestic tasks she imposed, she kindly allowed him to go where he pleased, and while thus abroad do what he pleased. True to his traditions, his fondest active service was the carriage of messages among the new brethren. In good time Simanthy married, and married well, and most cordially was her father wont to congratulate himself in every presence (except that of Mrs. Twilley) for the great and successful pains with which he had brought her up.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The faculty of observation was very strongly developed in the two men who recently passed through the Niagara rapids, the one with his head protruding from a barrel, and the other without any protection except a small cork jacket. Captain Webb, the English swimmer, who lost his life in them, called the Niagara rapids "the most angry bit of water in the world," and it is reasonable to say that anybody who takes much notice of things while passing through them does so under exceedingly trying circumstances. But these two men, according to the newspaper accounts, paid the nicest attention to all that was going on about them in this tremendous journey. The one with his head out of a barrel noted a number of rocks which he considered dangerous, while he was being revolved with the velocity of a pin-wheel, and flung scores of feet in several directions for every second that he was subjected to this stupendous convulsion of the waters. There were moments when he believed that his head would be better inside the barrel, and when he would have pulled it in if he could, and there were other moments when he wondered that the waves did not snap his head off, and leave it and the barrel to go their ways separately. The other man, while he was undergoing the most tremendous churning that is provided in nature, counted waves and noted the locality of rocks, and particularly fierce suctions, although he admitted that a babe would have been as powerful as he was to avoid them. It is a relief to learn that the adventurers were somewhat impressed with the Niagara rapids. It would have been uncanny, and somehow humiliating, if they had pronounced them a matter of no consequence.

The sneer of the *Saturday Review* at our yachts—"mere racing machines"—is deserved. Not a few persons have felt that American invention would have exhibited itself more creditably if in producing a racing machine it had incidentally produced also a hay-cutting machine, or a machine for paring apples, or one for the better observation of the moon. The *Mayflower* cannot pare apples, and it is just to call her a mere racing machine. She races rather well.

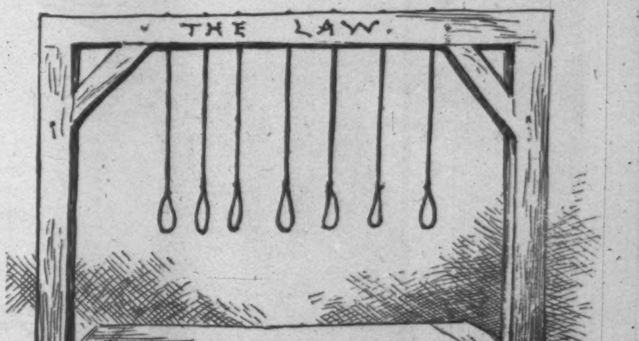
There is a man in Italy who avers that he discovered in Africa a concoction of herbs which renders the human body insensible to hunger or thirst or poison, without at the same time destroying life or injuring the body in any way. After taking a quantity of the concoction he entered upon a long period of fasting, taking into his stomach only four glasses of water daily. A number of physicians became interested in his case, and followed it curiously. At last accounts the experimenter had expressed himself as feeling very well, and was about to take poison.

The twenty-four savings-banks of this city held an aggregate of $312,358,207 on July 1. The cost of management of the banks for the six months previous was $375,793.

There is said to be an American lady in England who is engaged in teaching to English ladies the true principles of physical grace. It is alleged to be her theory that "all motions of the arms should proceed from the shoulder downward, and not from the fingers upward, and that all movements expressive of feeling ought to be in harmony with one another." If any lady, after mastering that theory, should still doubt her ability to exhibit the perfection of physical grace, she ought notwithstanding to consider herself an amazingly deep-sighted and clever woman to have mastered that theory.

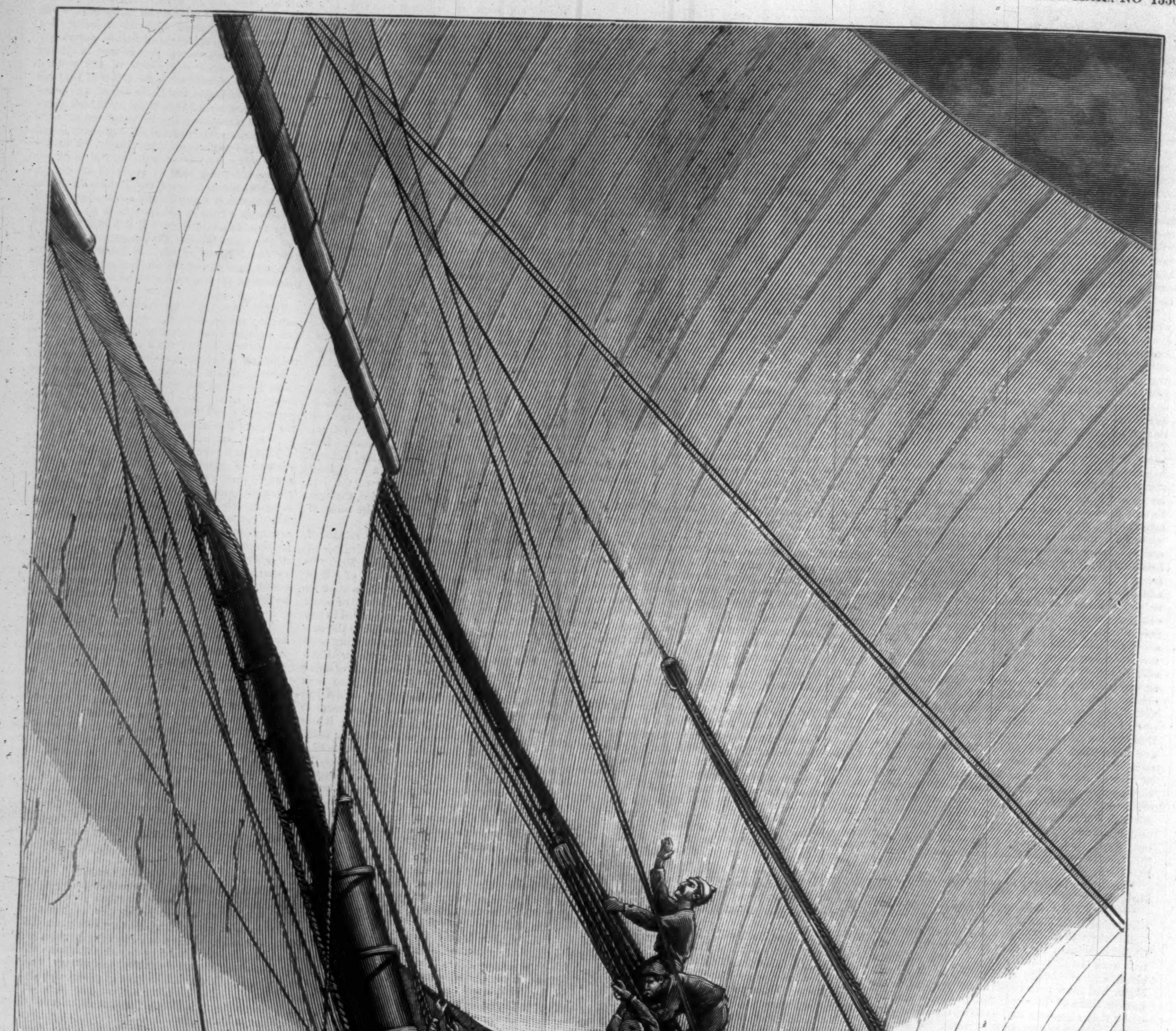
English sailors attempted to catch a fourteen-foot shark off Natal, but the shark snapped their line in two, and swallowed bait, hook, and all. After losing several hooks, the anglers tried a piece of venison in which they had put a ball of gun-cotton. This was connected by wire with a boat's battery, and just as the shark was in the act of seizing the venison the charge was exploded. There is a degree of persecution which even a shark cannot endure. The jaws of the monster were shattered, and it rolled over upon its back and sank.

There are some things which discoverers and students in general have long since despaired about. Such are the problems of the squaring of the circle and of perpetual motion. Perhaps their solution is not essential to the happiness of mankind. The philosopher who is absorbed in the study of a man to make pianos in the same street play the same tunes in warm weather when the windows are open has an ambition which may be equally hopeless, and with which also it is possible that human happiness is not concerned. It is not clear why he should want to perfect a plan of the sort. One does not hear with indifference from one window in a narrow street the song and accompaniment of "In the North Sea lived a Whale," and from an opposite window a vigorous rendering of the rudiments, "One, two, three, four." Still, few people seem to care to listen. Passers-by rarely linger, and neighbors close their windows, unwilling to risk the chill of the August air, even though the performers put their whole souls into their work.



EQUAL TO THE ANARCHISTS.
THEY WILL HAVE ALL THE ROPE THEY WANT, AND MORE TOO.

5

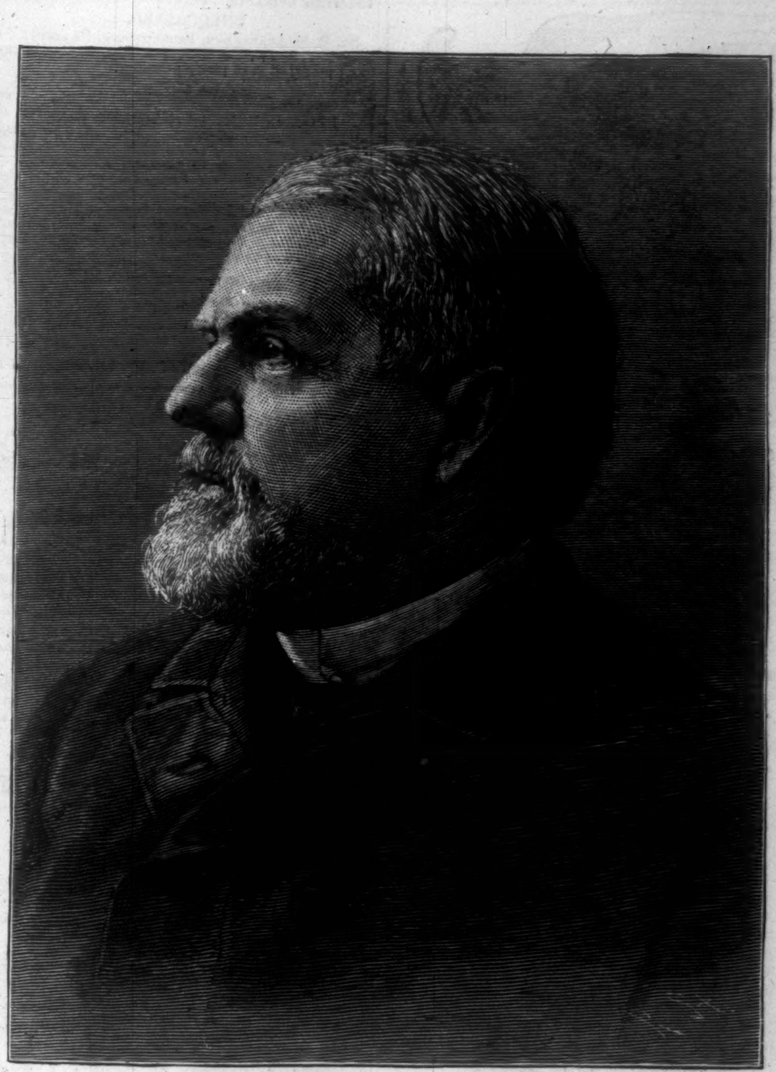


THE TRIAL YACHT RACES—"CHANGING TOPSAILS."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 567.]

## GENERAL JOHN NEWTON.

In 1876 the Board of Aldermen of this city passed resolutions complimentary to General John Newton, by way of a recognition of his efficient services in the improvement of New York Harbor. It is doubtful, however, if that municipal body, with whom at that time rested the power of confirming or rejecting the Mayor's appointees to public office, would have consented to the more practical endorsement of General Newton's engineering ability which would have been given by his elevation to the control of the Public Works of this city. The State Legislature having deprived the Board of Aldermen of its power to decide upon the Mayor's appointments, the responsibility of selecting a worthy and competent man, in place of the deposed Squire, rested solely with the Mayor. Against the selection of General John Newton for this position there has not thus far been heard a single word of complaint from any source. The only anxiety the public seemed to feel, when his name was first announced as Squire's successor, was lest General Newton should decline to accept the position. It was believed that his acceptance would necessitate his resignation from the United States army, and a forfeiture of the three-fourths pay which would be his for life upon his retirement at the age of sixty-four, and it was scarcely conceivable that he should consent to this pecuniary sacrifice for the sake of a few years in a laborious public office in this city. It now appears, however, that General Newton, although lacking one year of the age of sixty-four, has been able to obtain his retirement upon half-pay from the army on the lawful and undisputed ground that he has served continuously in the army for a period of more than forty-five years, and public congratulations are extended alike to him and to the people of New York.

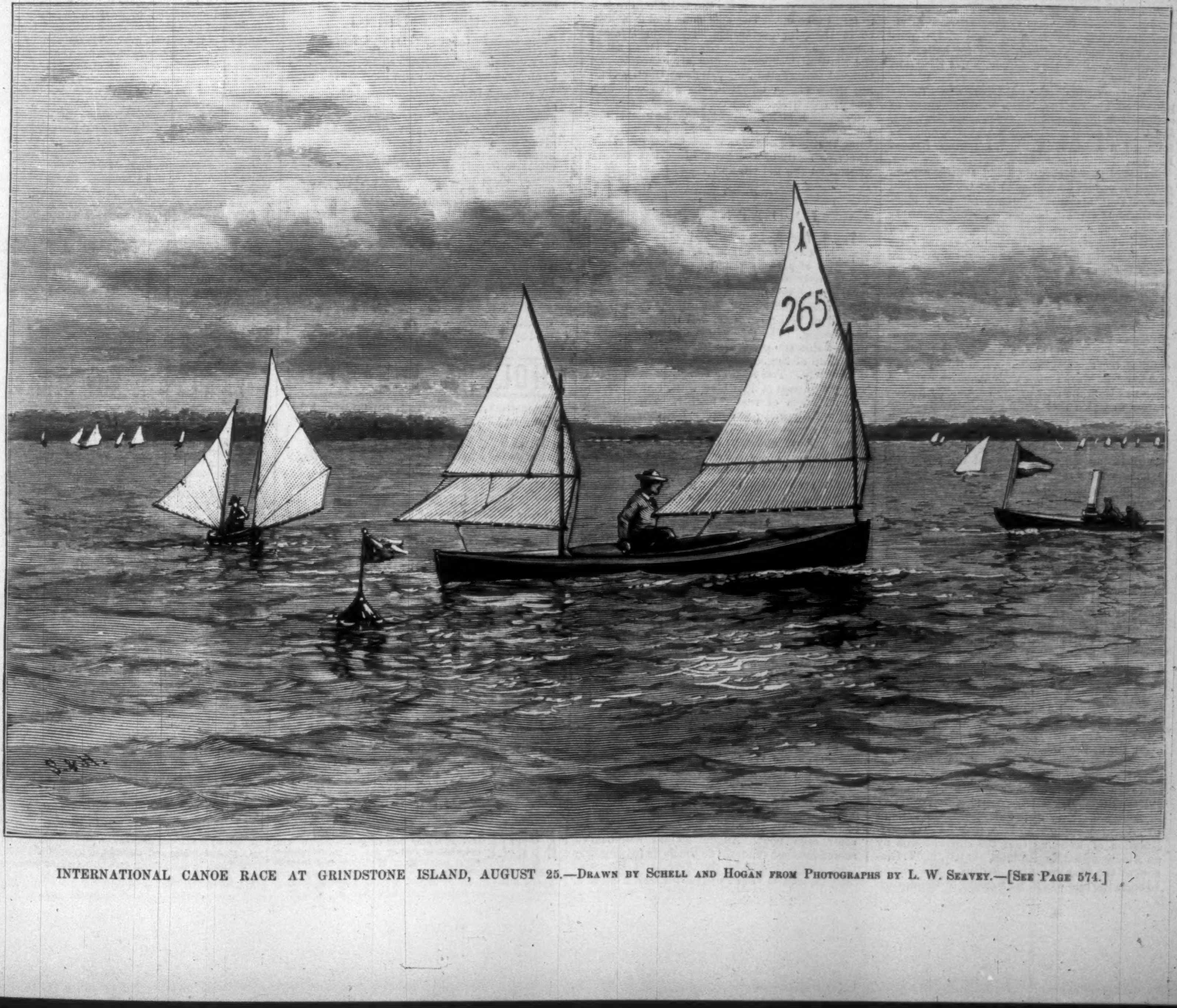
It is doubtful if there is any one who has had larger or longer experience with public works pertaining to the welfare and improvement of this city than this distinguished officer. Since the year 1865 his service as an engineering officer of the army has been almost continuously in and about New York. Twenty years ago he was engaged in making surveys and carrying out improvements in the harbor and in the streams adjoining the city and its suburbs, and in 1879 his skill was called into use in making an examination of the affairs of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge. His connection with the great work of rooting up and exploding Hell Gate in the East River, than which no public work has been of greater importance to the commercial interests of New York, is too well known to require more than passing mention.


GENERAL NEWTON.—Photographed by Falk.

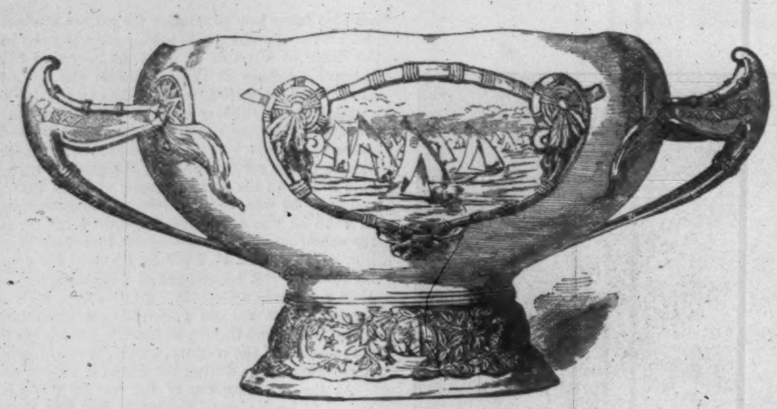
General Newton's army career has been in many respects remarkable. He not only distinguished himself by his ability as a civil engineer, but also fairly won promotion for gallant conduct and bravery on the battle-field. He was born in the State of Virginia in 1823, and entered the Military Academy at West Point at the age of fifteen. There were fifty-six cadets in the graduating class of 1842, to which young Newton belonged, and he ranked second in the class, and consequently won his appointment to the Engineer branch of the service, the rare compliment being paid to him of his being retained at West Point, young as he was, as a Professor of Engineering. In 1846 he was appointed Assistant Engineer in the construction of Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. On October 16, 1852, he received his commission as First Lieutenant of Engineers, and in 1856 was made a Captain. At this time he was engaged upon various engineering commissions in the South, and thereby obtained a knowledge of that section of the country, which proved of great usefulness to him during the war of the rebellion.

At the breaking out of the war he was promoted to be Major of Engineers, and was given the superintendency of a number of the works hastily erected for the defence of Washington. This task completed, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded a brigade under General McClellan during the Peninsular Campaign, taking part in the battles of Gaines Mill and Glendale. From that time on until the close of the war he was continuously in the field, and was twice brevetted for bravery in battle. The first recognition of this sort was his brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular service for gallant conduct during the battle of Antietam, and the second was his brevet to the rank of Colonel for the gallantry with which he commanded his division at the dreadful battle of Gettysburg. After the death of General Reynolds on the first day of that battle he was placed in command of the First Army Corps, which command he held for several months, being then sent to the Southwest in command of the Second Division of the Fourth Corps during the invasion of Georgia and Sherman's famous March to the Sea. From October, 1864, to June, 1865, he was commander of the district of Key West and Tortugas. The close of the war found him holding the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers and Brevet Major-General of Volunteers. In 1879 he became full Colonel in the Engineer Corps, and two years ago, on the death of General Humphreys, he succeeded to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Although an officer in the United States army, General Newton has for years been regarded as a distinguished resident of New York. He is a member of the Manhattan and Century clubs of this city, and also, being in religion a Catholic, of the Xavier Union. Although he was sixty-three years old on the 24th of August, General Newton has the appearance and seems to possess the vigor of a man of forty.



INTERNATIONAL CANOE RACE AT GRINDSTONE ISLAND, AUGUST 25.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from Photographs by L. W. Seavey.—[See Page 574.]



THE INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.

## THE CANOE RACES.

Of all the camps that dot the surface of habitable America during the summer, perhaps that of the canoeists at Grindstone Island is the jolliest. There is just enough of recognized authority to lend a comfortable sense of security. There is an "officer of the day," and a bugler to sound reveille and tattoo, and plenty of athletic young fellows in picturesque flannels to pitch overboard any objectionable tramps who may happen to make themselves disagreeable. There are "orders of the day," which may be delightfully ignored if any one finds them irksome, and enough of discipline to prevent too much uproariousness. All the resources of a great summer resort are within easy but not too easy reach, while the Thousand Islands, with their manifold beauties of wood and water, present all the attractions of the wilderness, with only a suspicion of its savagery.

The camp this year had an especial attraction in the presence, for the first time, of transatlantic canoeists. It has long been the wish of the fraternity on both sides of the ocean to test the relative merits of English and American canoes and canoemanship, but although the Royal Canoe Club has long offered prizes open to foreign competitors, no distinct effort was made to bring about a meeting until last fall, when the New York Canoe Club opened a correspondence and offered an international challenge cup, to be held as a perpetual trophy, and raced for from year to year. This action was promptly seconded by the American Canoe Association, and as a result of the correspondence the Secretary of the Royal Club officially challenged for the two cups, one to be raced for at the annual meet of the American Canoe Association, and the other wherever the cup may chance to be held.

The two recognized champions of English canoeing, Messrs. W. **Baden-Powell** and E. B. **Tredwen**, consented to come over and, if possible, carry back American silver for ballast, or at least to decorate their club-house at Kingston on the Thames.

The illness and death of Mr. **Tredwen**'s father prevented his coming, but a worthy substitute appeared in the person of Mr. **Walter Stewart**, R.C.C., who came over three weeks ago, and was followed a week later by **Warington Baden-Powell**.

National peculiarities in build and rig are apparent in canoes as well as in the big sloops and cutters that are making ready for their more conspicuous contest, but the canoeing fraternity is rent by no differences as to centre-boards and ballast. The English and American sailing rules are practically identical. The main differences are in the greater weight of the English boats, in the larger amount of ballast usually carried, and in the habit that English canoeists have of "going below" when under sail, while Americans sit well up on the weather gunwale, and use their own persons as shifting ballast when a squall strikes. Another peculiarity, and a manifest advantage claimed for the English canoes, is that they are quicker "in stays" than their American sisters. This has been induced by the necessarily narrow waters in which their sailing is mostly done, necessitating short tacks, and a great many of them. In windward work this was expected to tell heavily against American craft. On the other hand, the Englishmen have recognized the advantage of having the crew on the weather gunwale instead of in the hold, and both the visitors have been conscientiously practising "climbing out to windward" in view of possible emergencies. Mr. **Baden-Powell** says that when the first photographs of American canoeists in this windward position reached the other side, they were regarded as a practical joke. It was suspected that the canoes had been artificially fixed in that position, and photographed for the deception of innocent foreigners.

The first of the international races at Grindstone Island was sailed on the 25th ultimo, the course being five times round a one-and-a-half mile course. This gave the Englishmen every advantage of their alleged superior quickness in stays, because of the numerous tacks that had to be made in turning the buoys, besides whatever windward work was necessary in making the courses. Apparently, however, this was of no avail, for at the finish **Baden-Powell**'s *Nautilus* was number eight, and **Stewart**'s *Pearl* close behind him. The wind was not quite as fresh as an orthodox Englishman might wish, and under the conditions that often exist in New York Bay in September, they may fairly hope for a more successful showing. As it is, they have the satisfaction of knowing that the cup was won by an Americanized Englishman, namely, R. W. **Gibson**, of the Mohican Club, Albany. The second to cross the line was E. H. **Barney**, of the Springfield Club, in his curious three-masted canoe *Pecowsic*; and number three was C. B. **Vaux**, of the New York Canoe Club, in his *Lassie*.

## SMUGGLING ON THE RIO GRANDE.

The Rio Grande is not always so great a river as its name implies. In the dry season it shrinks until at times there is almost nothing of it left. To men bent upon smuggling, the great boundary stream offers almost no obstacles in the dry season. There are obstacles, however, which the smuggler is at any time liable to encounter. The faithful and watchful customs officer is not particularly affected by surrounding conditions of either aridity or humidity, and may be as operative when the Rio Grande is a feeble brook as when it is a mighty torrent. There is a notion, which is somewhat widespread, that the Rio Grande inspector is not always watchful, and that there is some smuggling over the southern border which meets with no interruption. The picture on page 565 would rather bear out this view of the matter, for the smugglers here represented are actually engaged in smuggling, which would hardly be the case if they were absolutely sure that their enterprise was to be frustrated, and the punishment for such an undertaking visited upon them. It is probable that their feelings will include a feeling of surprise when the United States officials who are awaiting them under cover of the bushes reveal themselves, and betray an inquisitive disposition concerning the contents of the packs which are coming over from the Mexican side without the formality of passing through the Custom-house. The peculiar institution called the "Zona Libre," or Free Zone, appears to be responsible in a great measure for the loose notions which exist along the Rio Grande in regard to free exchange. The Free Zone was established in 1858, for the benefit of certain Mexican towns along the lower Rio Grande. By an act of the State of Tamaulipas, and afterward by the General Government, an extensive tract, including the towns in question, was given over to a sort of free trade. The consequence was and is a disposition along the whole border to overlook the formalities of the Custom-house when anything that is on one side is wanted on the other. The free spirit of the Zona Libre has become general on the Rio Grande.

## POLO AT NEWPORT.

The first of the International polo playing took place at Newport on August 25. So striking a congregation of persons and things fashionable and fine is rarely to be met with. The grounds were lined with drags and carts, and all the catalogue of japanned and magnificent vehicles; there was no end of beautiful faces, and the raiment was bewildering. The polo which was played before this notable company was between the Hurlingham Club of England and the Westchester Club of this city. The Englishmen wore satin shirts and jockey caps of light blue, white riding breeches, and boots of russet leather. Their horses were not especially handsome, but they were especially serviceable. The Americans wore light yellow jerseys and caps of the same color, their breeches and boots being the same as those of the Englishmen. The English players were Mr. **John Watson**, Captain **Malcom Little**, Captain T. **Hone**, and Captain T. R. **Lawley**; the Americans, Mr. **Thomas Hitchcock**, Jun., Captain W. K. **Thorn**, Jun., Mr. **Foxhall Keene**, and Mr. R. R. **Belmont**. The Englishmen proved themselves such formidable players in the first day's play that few who saw it believed that the Americans had any chance against them. The Americans did some remarkably brilliant playing, but it was the play of individuals, and was overborne by the work of the Englishmen, who, beyond being fine individual players, were perfect as a team, supporting one another at every point, and showing great power as a machine. Just as the leading League nines play base-ball, so do these Englishmen play polo. They won in the first day's play nine goals in succession—a glut of victory such as was never known on the Newport grounds before. Fourteen games were played in all, of which the Englishmen won ten; and it is hardly more than the visiting players deserve to have said to say that it was greatly to the credit of the Americans that their very able opponents did not win the whole fourteen. The play was divided into twenty-minute bouts, with intervals for rest of two minutes after each goal, and ten minutes after each bout. August 28 the Englishmen scored another victory. In the day's playing they took 14 goals to 2 by the Americans, thus winning the match, which was for the best 2 out of 3.

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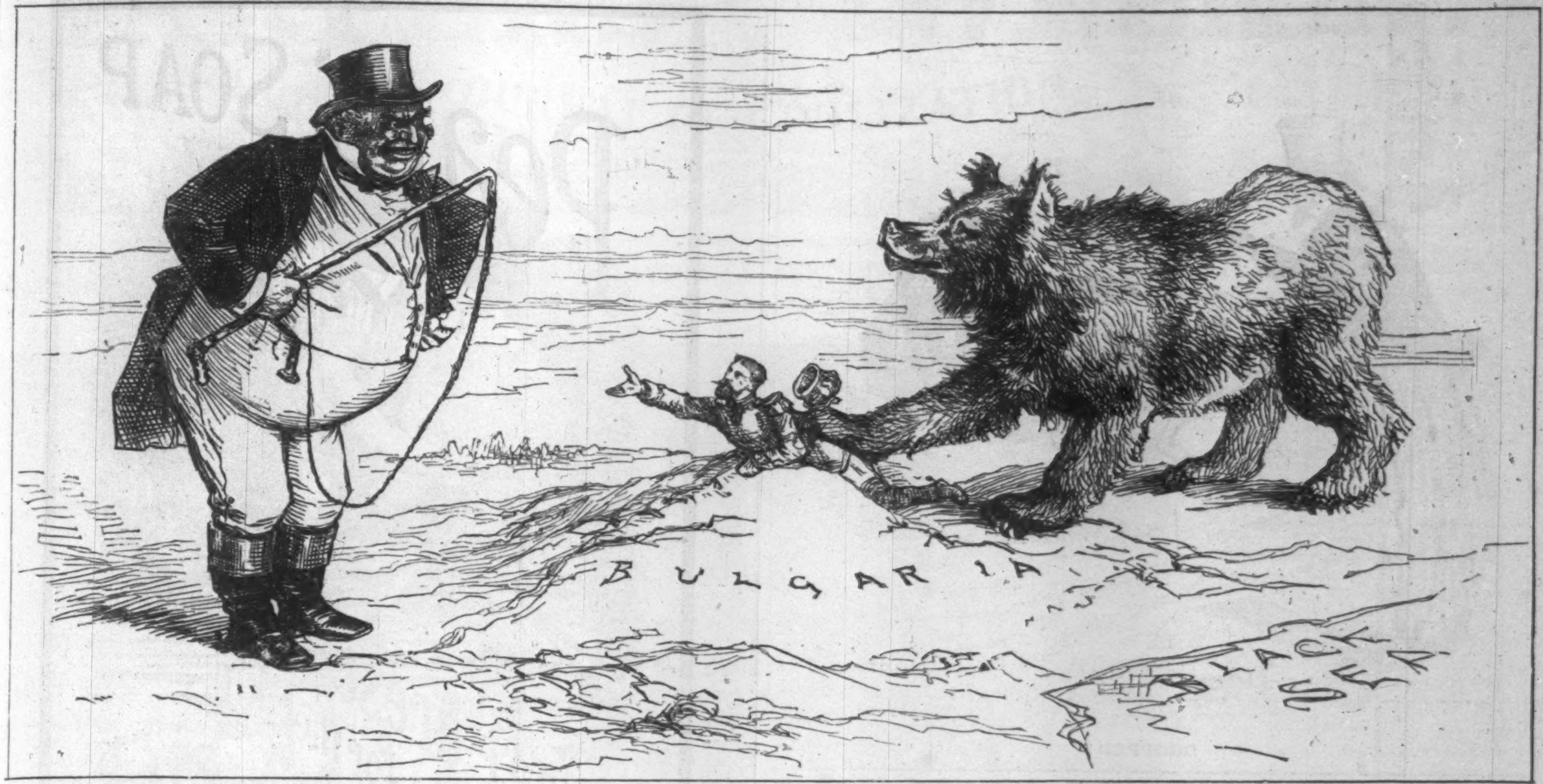

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